VOL. CCIX, No. 2724

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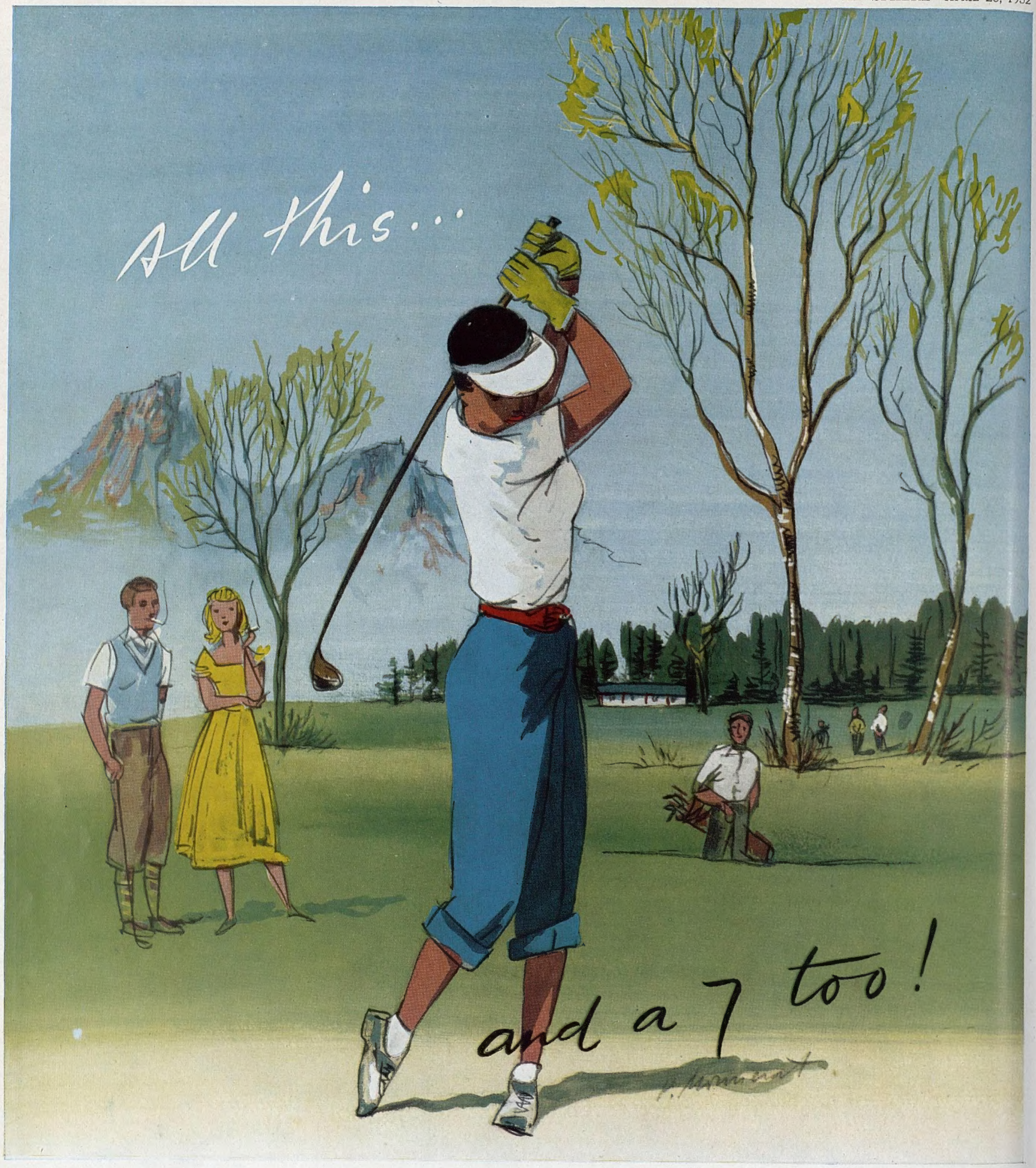

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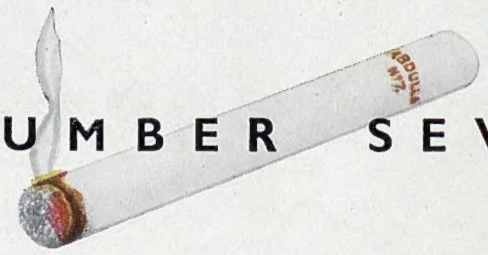

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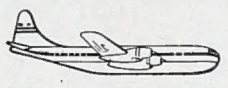

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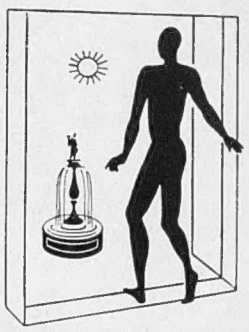

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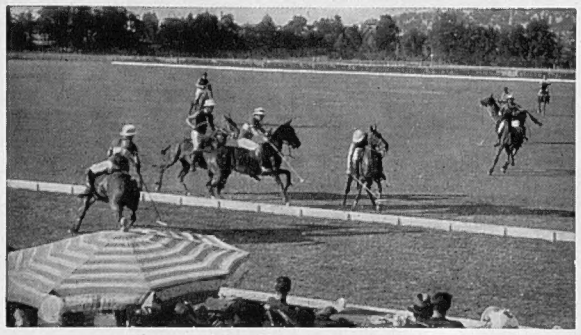

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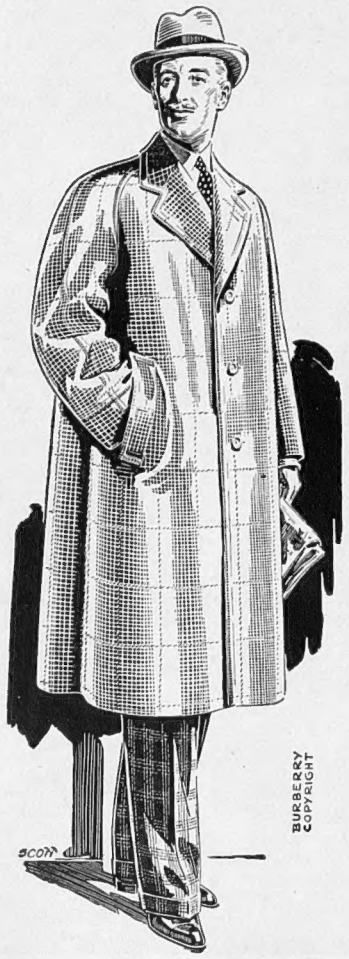

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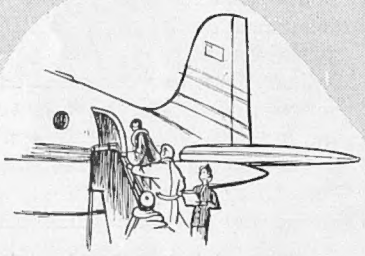

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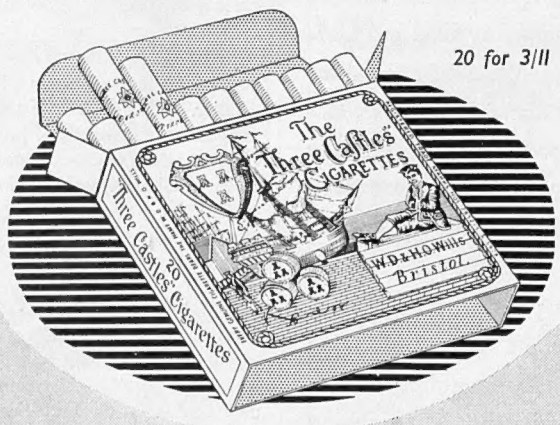

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Volume CCIX No. 2724 The SPHERE, London, April 26, 1952

The SPHERE

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THE QUEEN'S 26TH BIRTHDAY—HER MAJESTY INSPECTING THE GRENADIER GUARDS AT WINDSOR CASTLE, BEFORE TAKING THE SALUTE AT THE MARCH-PAST; AN OCCASION MARRED BY RAIN, THE SCARLET UNIFORMS OF THE GUARDS BEING HIDDEN BY CAPES: This was the Queen's farewell to the regiment as their Colonel, as she has now assumed the Colonelcies-in-Chief of all the Guards Regiments. In London the Queen's birthday was marked by a Royal Salute at the Tower.

After a week-end of sunshine it was unfortunate that driving rain should have marred the brilliant ceremonial of the Queen's birthday inspection of the Grenadier Guards at Windsor Castle. Accompanied by four officers, the Queen walked up and down the ranks in the Quadrangle of Windsor Castle, and her Majesty then took the salute at a march-past of the various units, which included the whole 1st Battalion of the Grenadier Guards, a detachment of the 2nd Battalion flown from Germany, and representatives of the 3rd Battalion, which is now in Egypt. There were also detachments of the training battalion from Pirbright and Caterham. The inspection was watched by 500 Old Comrades of the Grenadiers, and from a window above the Sovereign's Entrance Prince Charles and Princess Anne watched the ceremony with the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret.

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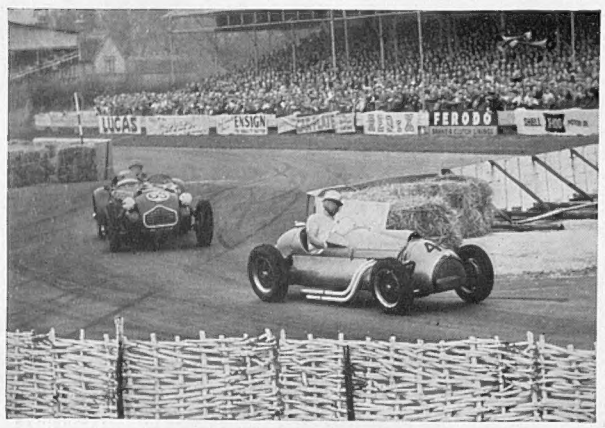
a

A GLORIOUS MOTORING GOODWOOD

THE START OF THE LAVANT CUP : Competitors in the race for cars up to 2,000 cc. seen as they were flagged away. The winner of the event was Mike Hawthorn, who throughout the day drove with dash and brilliance, scoring two firsts and a second. In the big race of the day Hawthorn, driving like a veteran, was second to the famous Froilan Gonzalez, the Argentinian winner of last year's British Grand Prix. One of the largest crowds that has yet attended the Goodwood meeting was fortunate to see a programme packed with incident.

GEOFFREY DUKE COMPETING IN THE FIRST EASTER HANDICAP AT GOODWOOD : Duke in an Aston Martin was third in this event, which was won by E. W. Holt in a Jaguar. Duke managed to beat Stirling Moss in this race, and the long-drawn-out duel between them was sufficient evidence for the public that Duke will be as effective on four wheels as he has been in the past on two.



THE ARGENTINE ACE JUAN FANGIO IN ACTION : Fangio seen ahead of Sidney Allard in the Chichester Cup. He was driving a Cooper, but got away to a bad start and never looked like making up the lost ground. This was one of the races won by Mike Hawthorn.

AN INCIDENT THAT MADE THE CROWD GASP : M. W. Head in a Jaguar after skidding on the course at Goodwood, but surviving to carry on the battle. Passing Head is E. W. Holt in another Jaguar. Holt was a very worthy winner of this race, the First Easter Handicap.

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Ike.—Ike has succumbed to election fever, catching the infection from the winds of the Primaries, which revealed his strength and popularity as a candidate without any assistance from his own tongue and propaganda drums. And now, in a few weeks, he will be in the field against at least one very strong opponent. Taft is working flat out and has a considerable paper lead. The choice of the next President is no certainty. A shape is not a substance, and S.H.A.P.E. is still but a thing of lines, a blue-print, but it is Ike's enthusiasm, optimism and conciliation which has made it a skeleton capable of growing flesh. He has done a great work in one year. The question remains whether anyone else can finish the work; build from the blue-print. It is safe to say that there is to-day no job on earth so important as that, unless it be the Presidency of the U.S.A. And Ike, it seems, agrees and has accepted the slightly greater importance of the Presidency. In so deciding, it seems to me, he has chosen to back for the big race a good hope at 3 to 1 instead of the favourite at 2 to 1. I shall be sorry to see anybody but Ike at the head of S.H.A.P.E. during the vital months ahead, but I can't think of a more perfect occupant of the White House during the vital years ahead. For I believe his great qualities of conciliation will be even better used in politics than in war. I hope he may bring it off. If he fail, the world that needs him, will lose him. It is not an each-way bet.

S.H.A.P.E.—As for his successor, one man stands out as possessing the prestige, the conciliatory powers, the statesmanship, the military experience and the international popularity and respect required for the job. And there are three very formidable reasons against his selection. The man is Lord Alexander and the reasons are: American prestige; the office of deputy being already held by an Englishman; and the fact that Lord Alexander has only recently taken over the Ministry of Defence. The third is not insuperable, a way might be found out of the second, but the first, with any President at the White House except Ike, would be insuperable, if one accept Chester Wilmot as an authority on the temperament and convictions of U.S.A. Army commanders. But the Versailles post must be filled months before the Washington post. During the recess, a great deal was done to encourage and confirm the European nations in Britain's determination to play a full part in the obligations of E.D.C., and the military side of it is at the moment all-important.

Unscrambling.—The Premier's last announcement before the House rose for Easter presaged and ensures a lively time in Parliament after the holidays and during the year. Road haulage and the iron and steel industries are both definitely to be denationalised, and the former very soon. The necessary Bill will be introduced early in the Session. These are in accordance with repeated Conservative pledges. A great number (about fifty) of Tory back-benchers have subscribed to a motion urging the Government to extend denationalisation to other industries. All of which shows that the Government members are not afraid of unpopularity, nor deterred by the appalling difficulties of the task of undoing. The evil consequences of too hasty nationalisation are clear to see and have been recognised by the Socialists themselves, Mr. Bevan included. In some instances they created monopolies more dangerous and uncontrolled by Parliament and the Administration than in the worst examples of private enterprise. But the difficulties in the way of undoing are complex and contentious and tremendous. Few doubt that the fate of our systems of road and rail transport are henceforth inter-dependent and that a partial denationalisation of nationalised industries may lead to worse confusion and financial losses still heavier, a robbing of Peter to pay Paul. And many a good, honest, poor pensioner will prick up his ears at the word robbery, and wonder whether, if any unscrambling should ever come about, some small egg may emerge for him, a pale shadow of the egg he lost when he was awarded Government stock for his holdings in recently nationalised undertakings. Truly the way of the unscrambler will be hard and strenuously opposed. But promises, even rash ones, are meant to be kept if confidence in politicians is to survive.

House of Windsor.—It was a safe bet that the present reigning House would continue the name of Windsor, and I never was in the slightest doubt that so it would be. When George V adopted that admirably chosen style, his advisers failed to "perpetuate" it. There was no probability when he did so that soon enough a queen would sit again on the throne. The pundits say that Queen Elizabeth's declaration to *continue* a dynastic name is something unknown in our history. I make no doubt that the best legal opinion decided the wording of the declaration. Nevertheless, it seems to me that the possibilities of Time and Chance might once more call for another such declaration. For female descendants of the Queen who marry are excepted (no doubt inevitably); yet, if one such should come to sit on the throne when married, would she not also be called on to continue or perpetuate the style by a declaration? Time and Chance have never yet been controlled by the lawyers, as every will-maker and legal draughtsman knows, while he goes on trying to do the impossible. As an enthusiastic amateur, I should have preferred a declaration that the family name or style of Windsor shall henceforth be borne by every sovereign in perpetuity.

THE MORRIS DANCERS OF THAXTED

AN EASTER JOLLIFICATION IN AN ESSEX COUNTRY TOWN : Quite a crowd of townspeople came out to see the dancers at Thaxted as they went into action in the main street. Morris dancing is said to have been acquired from the Moors, perhaps on the return of John of Gaunt from Spain in the reign of Edward III. In Tudor times it was well-established in England as a festival dance, especially on May Day and less often at Eastertide. Stock characters figuring in the dance are Maid Marian, frequently impersonated by a man, her paramour, her jester, a clown, Bavian or fool, hobby-horse and foreigners, perhaps Moriscos or Moors. The music used for Morris dancing differs in various parts of England, and there seems to be a good deal of freedom in using old popular song tunes, as well as the few genuine Morris tunes.

Short Weight in Coals in Surrey.—Some weeks ago I quoted figures of short weight in sacks of coal and coke delivered in Surrey during 1951 and detected. These figures were given in the report

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

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of the Surrey County Council's Public Control Committee. The Coal Merchants Federation of Great Britain is anxious that the figures I quoted should be supplemented with other information in the report. This "supplementary" shows that during the year 1951 twenty-three firms were convicted for short-weight offences in Surrey and in twenty-two of the cases the carmen were convicted for aiding and abetting. The coal merchants strongly complain that they are made legally liable for the misdeeds of their servants, and that a conviction against them must precede the conviction of the culprits for "aiding and abetting." Such is the law. The merchants wish it to be known that they take every care to ensure accuracy of weights, both by notices and by a "turn of the scale" in favour of the householder. But they cannot control their employees after they have left on their rounds. As for delivery in the dark, it is unavoidable, they say, in winter, since the prime object is to keep consumers supplied when sudden bulk deliveries are made. If these details put a better complexion on the affair, I am happy to publish them, and have taken them from a letter written by the Federation's secretary.

Missouri Floods.—The great rivers of America and Canada have been in existence for a very long time. We may presume that they showed their powers for evil centuries before North American history began to be written. It seems odd that it was not until after the disastrous floods in 1936 that Congress thought of establishing a national flood-control policy. Nor has that policy gone very far in implementation as yet in 1952, with many authorities competing and obstructing one another and with many another prime object, other than flood control, occupying their attention, such as river transport and the irrigation of dry belts. For the anomaly of these vast sources of water is that they so often bisect arid areas, which are as dead and unproductive without enough water as they are with a superfluity. The population of America is approaching the 200,000,000 mark, and soon enough she will be faced with the "headache" of providing it with enough home-grown food. It is that now-urgent problem which has concentrated attention on present needs rather than on remoter risks; on irrigation, soil-conservation, transport and power. All of which some freak or periodic visitation of nature, such as late or abnormally heavy snow, can bring to nought with a devastation and a loss of treasure and a human tragedy which we in this country of small streams and gentle slopes and climate cannot picture; never having experienced them, we are debarred from criticism, and, indeed, from any reaction but uncomprehending sympathy.

Cuckoo!—"Is it a record?" writes someone to *The Times*. On April 16 no cuckoo's voice had sounded in the writer's corner of our land. Is the cuckoo extinct, is he one with the Dodo and great awk? Or is "West Country Parson" asleep, deaf or tired of "writing to *The Times* about it"? At the end of March I looked in vain for the seasonable letters to *The Times* from the Somerset and Devonshire parsonages announcing the bird's arrival and voice trials on March 25 and subsequent days, and I begin to fear that there was something in those head shakings last summer that the cuckoo was a vanishing species. Yet we have had balmy days of late. We have bathed and paddled and let the fires out, and sat out of doors listening to the warblers and nightingales and watching the swallows skimming. I fear that something *has* happened to the bird. But hark! What is that sound from the valley below . . . ? Probably that tiresome boy who swings on my gate at the end of the lower wood.

A Word for the Scribbler.—The President, National Union of Journalists, in his recent address at Edinburgh, urged the justice and wisdom of raising the status in the community of journalists. He had a special word to say for weekly journalists. This type of journalist must come to be accepted in the community as on a level with the parson, the schoolmaster, the doctor and the lawyer. That (he added) could happen only when the journalist, his wife and children could afford to live on a scale enjoyed by other professional men. That last sentence caused me to puzzle over the curiously selected list of professional men whose status the weekly journalist must be enabled to join. The President's plea is obviously primarily based on a question of salary. Under that head the lawyer and the parson, or even the doctor and the schoolmaster, make queer bed-fellows. The lawyers of my acquaintance have not for many years rested content to do their useful work for £10 a week, as does the parson, and even the humblest G.P. manages to extract more from his cure of the body than does the schoolmaster from his care of the mind. Perhaps the weekly journalist may be allowed to elect which of these four *statuses* he may join; for, indeed, they are four, not one. If he be out for money, he will surely join the lawyers. If he pine for honours and rewards, he will probably to-day elect for the doctors, especially those who minister to Prime Ministers and other V.I.P.s. For, indeed, they now compete in the great divide with generals and Civil Service chiefs. I don't think that Mr. Harold Nicolson, Mr. Atticus, Mr. Scrutator, Mr. James or Mr. Gubbins or, for that matter (thank you for reminding me), Mr. Old Stager will plump for the parson or the schoolmaster if their aim is *material*. Vocational dedication is another matter. Call me an old fool. I dare say you often do so. But, for my part, my existing status is O.K. by me. My wife and children must suffer in silence if the cupboard is bare and the "County" won't call on us.

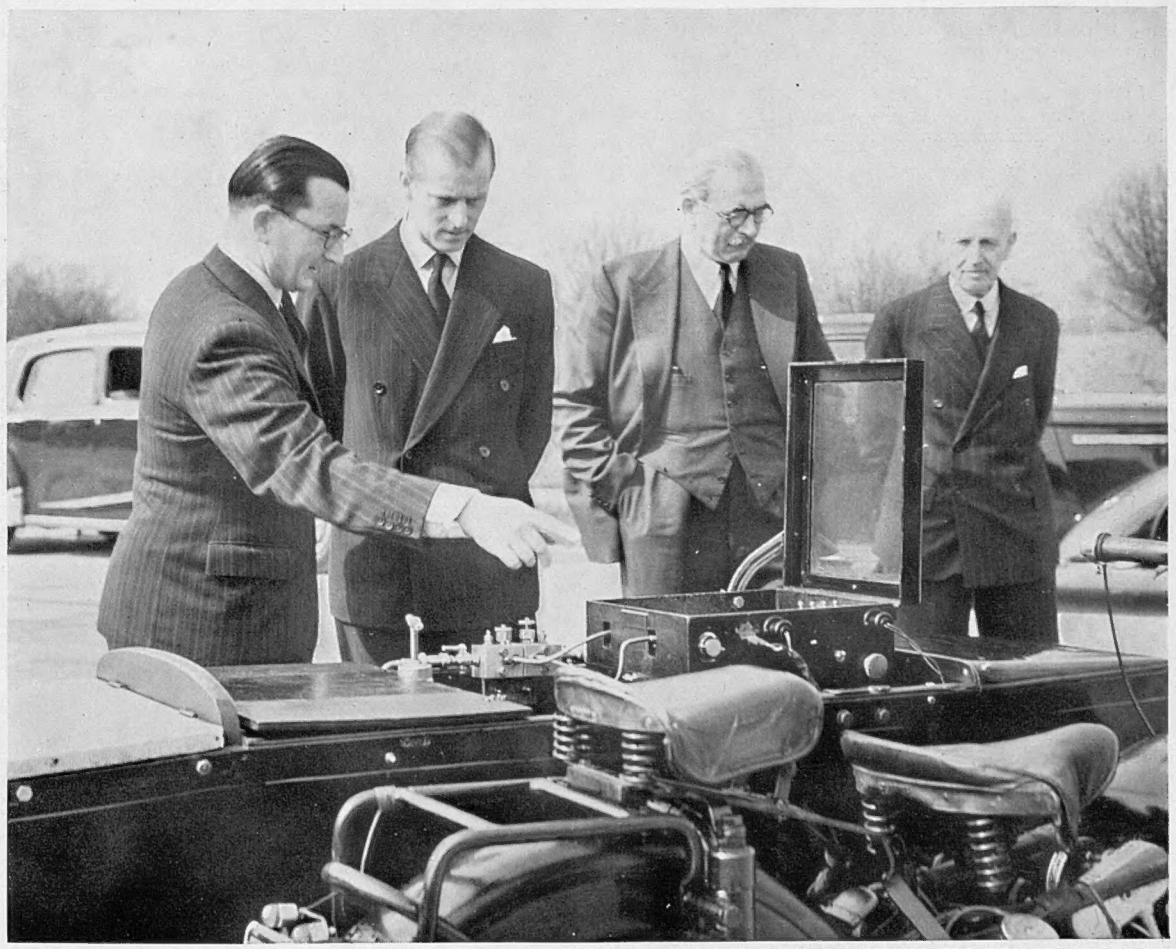
THE OLD STAGER

BANK-NOTES THROUGH A HOUSEHOLD WRINGER

THE WORK-BENCH OF A FORGER WHO FOUND THAT "CRIME DOES NOT PAY"—SOME OF THE MATERIALS AND FINISHED ARTICLES WHICH THE POLICE DISCOVERED AT THE GLASGOW LODGINGS OF ALEXANDER CRAWFORD: Chief Detective-Inspector R. McCartney, of Glasgow Police, examines two of the counterfeit 10s. bank-notes forged by Crawford, a fifty-two-year-old trained process worker, who has been sentenced in the High Court at Edinburgh to three years' imprisonment. Among the other articles seen in the picture are matrices and mounting boards; a household wringer, which served as a printing press; a hacksaw; retouching inks and dyes; notes in various stages of completion; etching acids and developers; paper used for making notes; and negatives of bank-notes.

When he was sentenced by Lord Keith at Edinburgh High Court, Alexander Crawford, a trained process engraver, turned forger, declared that the police methods were so good that it was impossible to get away with a crime of this kind. He had discovered that crime did not pay. Crawford admitted charges of forging and being in possession of 249 £1 notes, 470 10s. notes and 275 parts of 10s. notes. He had been sentenced to five years' penal servitude in London in 1937 and to three years in Manchester in 1927, both for offences under the Forgery Act. The police said that Crawford's equipment for making bank-notes "was more elaborate and extensive than any that has been found in Scotland." Earlier at Glasgow High Court the prosecutor said that his workmanship was to some extent a tribute to his excellence as a forger. The paper used for the notes was described as good and the engraving and printing excellent. He managed a water-mark and faked the thread which goes through all genuine notes by drawing a line which gave the same impression. One of his consistent mistakes, however, was the printing upside down of the figure eight. This, together with his mistake in circulating the notes outside his own district, after having used them in Townhead, eventually led to his arrest. Mr. E. Stewart, advocate, on Crawford's behalf, said he had by no means led a life of crime. In passing sentence, Lord Keith said that it was most unfortunate that Crawford had not applied his talents in a more useful direction.

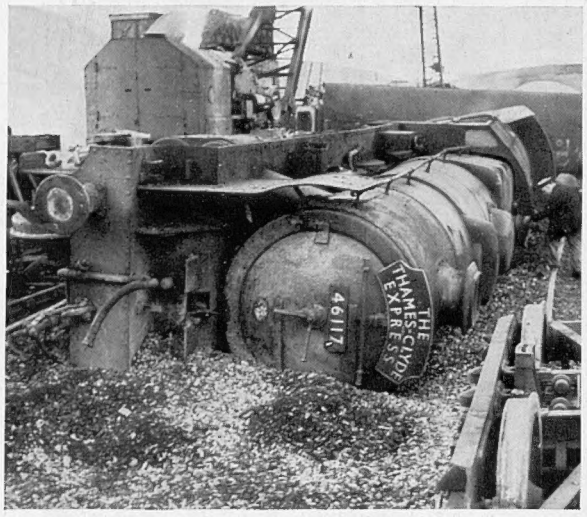
THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT THE ROAD RESEARCH LABORATORY



HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS EXAMINES THE MOTOR-CYCLE COMBINATION THAT IS FITTED WITH DEVICES FOR RECORDING ASPECTS OF ROAD SURFACES: Also during his visit to the Road Research Laboratory at Harmondsworth, Middlesex, the Duke saw experiments with reflecting kerbs. He expressed the view that something was needed to define a kerb, particularly in fog. Later he was informed that the possibility of using radar or sound-ranging devices in fog had been investigated, but that no useful device for small vehicles could be recommended. When he went onto the Langley section of the laboratory, his Royal Highness watched several devices for improving road safety.

THE "THAMES-CLYDE" EXPRESS DERAILED

FOUR COACHES OVERTURNED ON THE YORKSHIRE MOORS, BUT NO ONE AMONG THE 200 PASSENGERS WAS KILLED

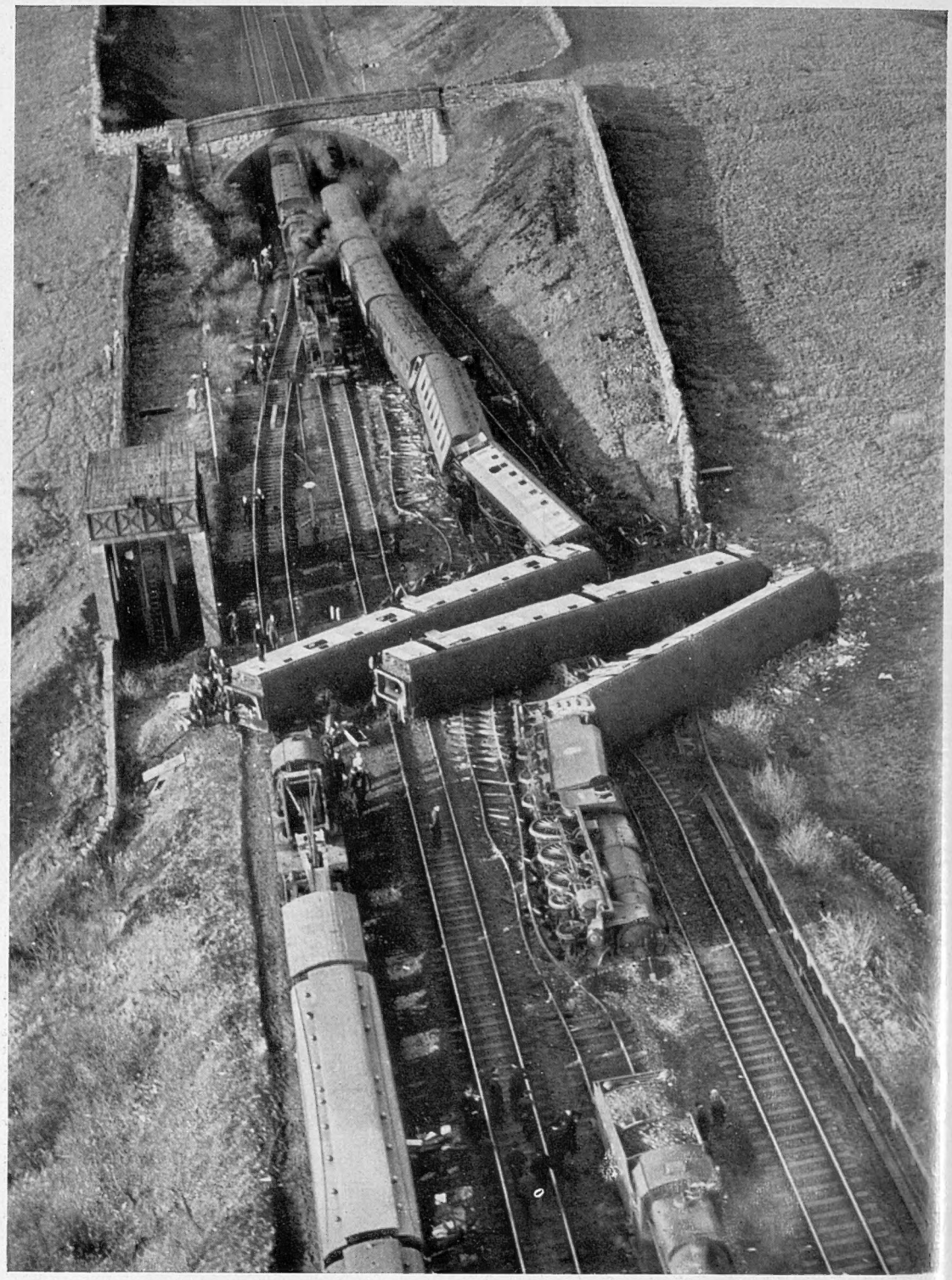


ONE OF THE TWO ENGINES OF THE "THAMES-CLYDE" EXPRESS LYING AMID THE GRAVEL BESIDE THE TRACK: The double-engined express jumped the rails near Ribblehead, Yorkshire, four coaches being overturned. No one among the 200 passengers was killed, but twenty-seven people were injured, at least six seriously. The driver and fireman of the overturned engine managed to jump clear and were unhurt.

Two particularly remarkable circumstances attended the railway accident last week on the Yorkshire Moors. In the first place, there were no fatalities, despite the number of coaches overturned, and, in the second place, rescue forces began to arrive at this lonely spot after an interval of only half an hour, doctors, nurses and ambulances being summoned to the scene by radio through the police radio headquarters at Birkenshaw, near Bradford. Police and ambulance officials afterwards expressed satisfaction with the time-saving which was achieved. The crash occurred a quarter of a mile south of Blea Moor tunnel, which is a mile-and-a-half long, and a few hundred yards before the train reached the Ribblehead viaduct. The first two coaches demolished 30 yards of a wall bordering the track before coming to rest on their sides. Other coaches were twisted from the rails. Only the last two remained upright. The usual pilot engine, which was assisting the express, was not derailed, and drove away later under its own steam.

Dr. W. A. Hyslop, of Settle, took charge of the waiting-room at Ribblehead Station and gave first-aid treatment to the injured until the ambulances arrived to take them to hospitals at Skipton, Kendal, Lancaster and Wetherby.

In one of the coaches a nine-year-old boy and his mother were flung through the window of their compartment and trapped beneath it. Efforts were made to hack a way to them with an axe through the steel roof of the coach, and it was some time before they could be lifted out and taken away on stretchers.



THREE OF THE OVERTURNED COACHES LYING ASTRIDE THE TRACK, AND THE OVERTURNED ENGINE IN FRONT OF THEM: The accident occurred in a cutting just north of Ribblehead Station and below the peak of Whernside. The express had just emerged from the 2,269-yard-long tunnel under Blea Moor. Although a locomotive and seven coaches ran off the rails none was telescoped. Permanent way for 150 yards was torn up.

THE LONELY SPOT ON THE YORKSHIRE MOORS VIEWED FROM THE AIR AFTER THE CRASH: It will be seen how two of the overturned coaches swung off the track and made a vast gap in a stone wall flanking the permanent way. One of the other coaches was a dining-car. It turned over at an angle of 45 degs., and the diners emerged through the windows, at once rendering help to the injured in the coaches which had completely overturned. It was half an hour before outside help reached the scene of the crash. Doctors had to be called from Ingleton, Settle and Hawes. The use of radio communication speeded the gathering of the rescue forces.

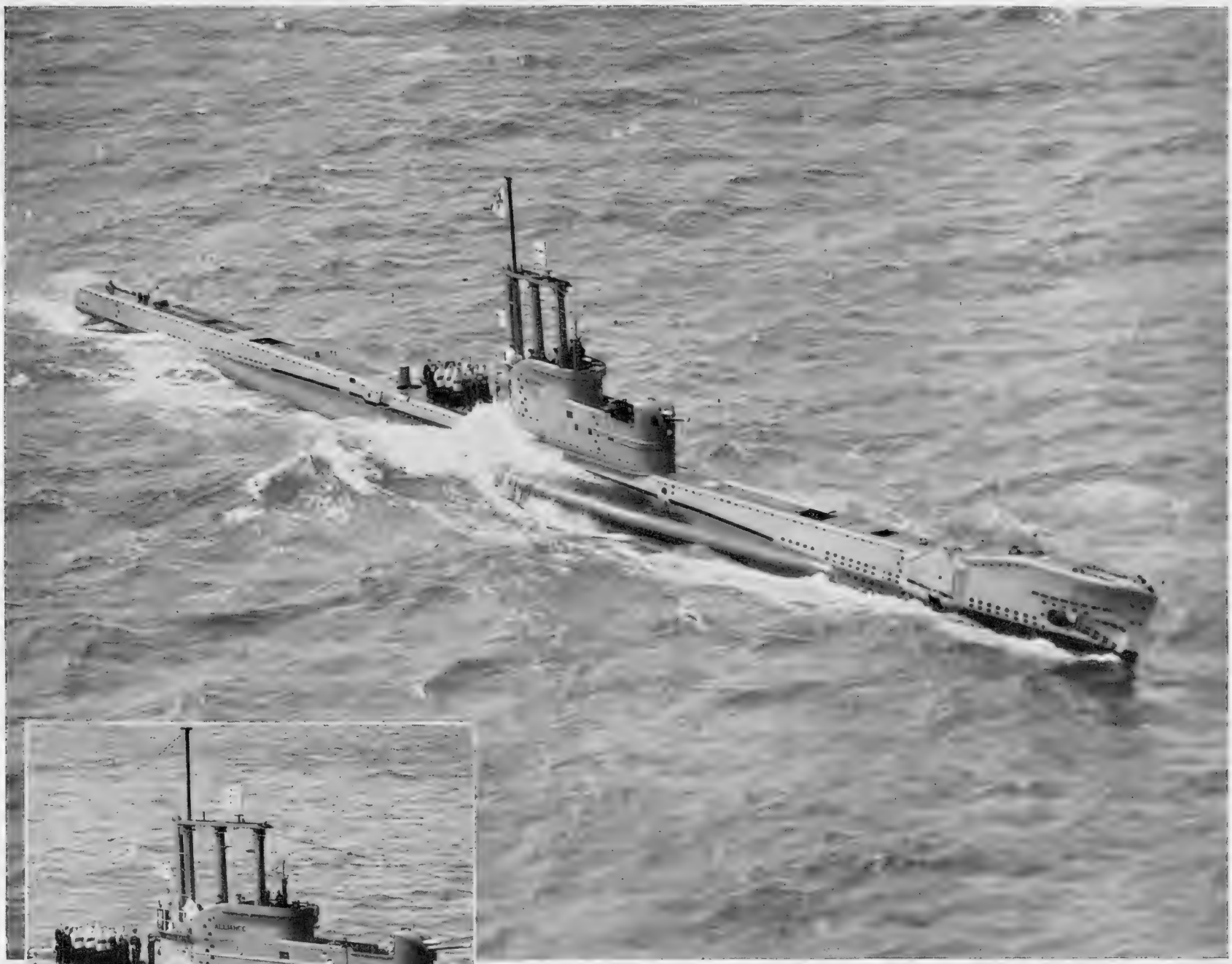
WREATHS BEING CARRIED ABOARD THE SUBMARINE "ALLIANCE," SISTER-SHIP OF THE ILL-FATED "AFFRAY," BEFORE SHE SET OUT FROM GOSPORT TO THE SCENE OF THE SUBMARINE DISASTER OF APRIL 16, 1951: *Alliance* went to the exact spot in the English Channel where *Affray* was lost, and there a memorial service was held by the Rev. J. R. Scarff, who is the Chaplain of H.M.S. *Dolphin* and H.M.S. *Hornet*.

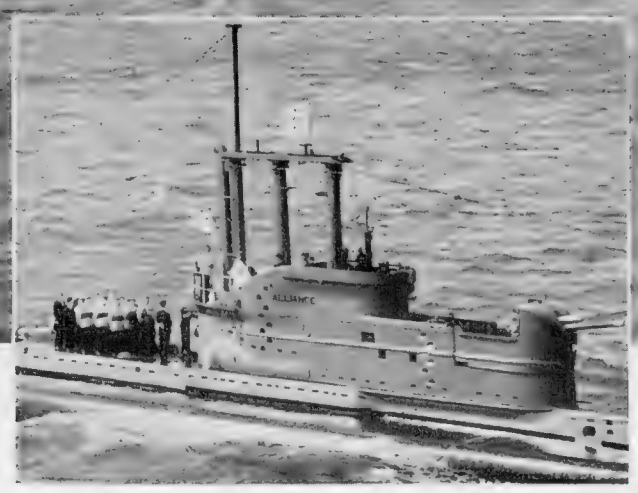
REMEMBERING THE MEN OF "AFFRAY"

THE MEMORIAL SERVICE IN MID-CHANNEL FOR THOSE WHO LOST THEIR LIVES IN THE SUBMARINE

In April 1951 a 1,600-ton submarine of the A Class disappeared after diving while on exercises in the English Channel. The *Affray*, engaged on a training cruise, had on board seventy-five officers and men, some of them under instruction. She dived at 9.15 p.m. on April 16, her position then being thirty miles south-south-west of the Needles Light, off the Isle of Wight. A wide-sweeping search by ships and aircraft was at once instituted, but after forty-eight hours there was a complete absence of any clues as to the submarine's whereabouts, or as to what had happened to her. Ships of four nations joined the search over a sea area of 2,000 square miles, but the sunken vessel was not located for many weeks. When divers eventually went down they reported the failure of *Affray's* under-water breathing apparatus, the "Snort."

Now, a year after that submarine tragedy, a memorial service has been held in the English Channel above the spot where *Affray* was lost and found. During the service aboard *Alliance*, sister-ship of *Affray*, ninety-five wreaths in all were cast overboard, forming a long line of flowers floating astern on the Channel swell. As the last wreath went overboard the buglers sounded "Reveille." The first of the wreaths was that of the Flag Officer, Submarines, representing the submarine branch of the Royal Navy, which suffered such a grievous loss in this single disaster, which followed a year after that of the *Truculent* amid the swift-running tides of the Thames Estuary. Many of the wreaths were from relatives of the lost men, but there were also tributes from foreign navies.





THE MEMORIAL SERVICE ABOARD THE "ALLIANCE" ABOVE THE SPOT WHERE THE "AFFRAY" WAS LOST: *Above and inset on left*—This was the scene as the Rev. J. R. Scarff conducted the service for the seventy-five officers and men of *Affray*. The service began as bosuns' pipes sounded the "Still" and the *Alliance's* crew doffed caps. The Rev. J. R. Scarff, standing under the church pendant which flew at the mast-head, read sentences from the burial service. Rear-Admiral G. W. G. Simpson read the lesson, and as two Marine buglers sounded "Last Post" he cast the first of the ninety-five wreaths over the side.

AN "OPEN DAY" AT LONDON'S STOCK EXCHANGE

MEMBERS OF THE PUBLIC INSPECT THE STOCK EXCHANGE DURING THE OPEN DAY LAST SATURDAY: As on similar occasions in the past, officials acted as guides and during the two hours the House was open to the public there were over 700 visitors. In June last year King George VI, with Queen Elizabeth and Princess Margaret, paid a visit to the House just before the close of the day's dealings to commemorate the 150th anniversary of the present building. As a corporate body the London Stock Exchange dates from the beginning of the nineteenth century. Before this, business transactions were conducted by groups of individuals, who until about 1698 used the old Royal Exchange as a meeting-place. Then for nearly a century their headquarters were in Change Alley, Cornhill, where they met both in the open air and in the famous Jonathan and Garraway coffee-houses. Dealings in Government funds were also conducted in the Rotunda Room of the Bank of England. The foundation-stone of the present building in Capel Court, facing the eastern side of the Bank of England, was laid in 1801, and in the following year the House was opened with a subscribers' list of 500. During 1850-60 the House was rebuilt and enlarged.

OFFICIALS OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE EXPLAINING TO VISITORS HOW THE DAY'S BUSINESS IS CHALKED UP ON THE BOARDS: The last occasion the Stock Exchange was opened to the public was on January 5 when, as on the open day last week, several hundred visitors were admitted.

On left—

MEMBERS OF THE PUBLIC INSPECTING LONDON'S BUSINESS BATTLEFIELD: This is the Great Hall of the Stock Exchange. No business was done while the visitors were present. It is hoped that a public gallery may soon be built above the floor of the House so that visitors may watch the Exchange in operation during business hours.

THE ROUTE TO EVEREST VIA THE WESTERN CWM: In this 10-in.-to-the-mile scale model of Everest, made with the co-operation of Mr. Eric Shipton, the leader of the 1951 reconnaissance, is seen the south-western approach to the hitherto unconquered peak. The model has been made by Cockade, a London firm of master model-makers, for exhibition at the British Industries Fair. It embodies all that is at present known of Everest's topography, based upon air and land reconnaissances in recent years. In the foreground is the great ice-fall leading to the Western Cwm. Mr. Shipton and his men tackled this ice-fall in 1951, but they did not make their way into the Western Cwm. They did see sufficient, however, to convince them that there was a possible route to the summit of Everest from this untried direction, and that is the route the Swiss are now taking.

THE WAY TO EVEREST

A MODEL OF THE GREAT PEAK SHOWS THE ROUTE MAPPED BY ERIC SHIPTON AND NOW BEING TAKEN BY THE SWISS EXPEDITION TO THE HIMALAYAS

Can Everest be conquered from the south-west? That is the question that is exercising the minds of mountaineers at this moment, when the Swiss expedition, led by Dr. E. A. Wyss Dunant, is approaching the great peak along the route charted by Eric Shipton, the British climber who so ably led the reconnaissance of 1951. The model of Everest, which has been made for exhibition at the British Industries Fair, shows the nature of this new route. It seems that a perfectly straightforward way lies up the face of Lhotse to some 25,000 ft., whence a traverse could be made to the South Col. The success of this climb, and of the subsequent traverse, would depend, of course, on satisfactory ice conditions, and it must be remembered that the temperature on these sunless slopes would be very low indeed. With the South Col attained the route would then lie to the summit along the almost unknown south-east ridge. On this ridge there would be several factors in favour of the climbers. The tilt of the strata would provide better camp sites, belays and holds, and, at any rate, there should be shelter from the prevailing north-westerly gales.

TWO OTHER ASPECTS OF THE EVEREST MODEL: *Left*—The route through the Western Cwm to the South Col is being laid by Mr. Creamer, the model-maker, under the supervision of Mr. R. E. Hopking, the designer of the model. *Right*—The South Col seen from a rather wider angle. It is the last stages of the journey from the South Col to the summit of Mount Everest that cover so much unknown ground, or, at best, ground that has only been briefly surveyed from the air.

A Foreign News Commentary

A Pictorial Survey of Events Abroad; With Notes

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THE EISENHOWERS ATTEND AN EASTER SERVICE IN PARIS: General of the Army Dwight Eisenhower, Supreme Commander in Europe, and his wife leaving the American Pro-Cathedral in Paris, followed by Mrs. Eisenhower's sister, Mrs. Gordon Moore (left), and Mrs. Walton Walker, wife of the late American General.

MR. REPUBLICAN IN GAY AND CAREFREE MOOD: Senator Bob Taft, who has been fighting so hard to win the Republican nomination for the American Presidency, is often described as an austere personality, an administrator lacking the human touch. This is hardly true of the Bob Taft of 1952, who enjoys a wide popularity among the professional politicians of his party and is now known from coast to coast as a vigorous campaigner, determined upon success.

The American Scene: An Historic American Election.—This stage of American Presidential primaries normally rates a minor showing in foreign newspapers. Behold them to-day. In explanation of the unprecedented early interest—the chief magistracy being voted on, is now of the world's leading Power. In this struggle "the favourite" enjoys a quite exceptional international repute. Conversely the loser next November will fade swiftly into the background.

A *Figaro* drawing, "Paris in the Spring," hits off the latter point. "Tu m'aimes?" abruptly challenges a swain. "I like Ike," says she.

While the General makes his good-bye round of capitals in alliance, New Jersey victory sent up his stock at home and suggested a solid bloc of eastern states in his favour to balance the Mid-West and North-West voting Taft. The traditional Democratic South might stick to Kefauver, in which case the Pacific Slope could well have a decisive bearing in November's voting.

The Coast looks outwards towards China, Korea and Japan, though the fact of its population having become a mixture from all over the Union within the last decade should tend to be in Europe's favour.

No, we shouldn't skim over Kefauver. How easily was Harry Truman, Democrat, written off in 1948! U.S. Labour leans that way, now as then. But it must be admitted that, with Truman and Stevenson out of the running, the Democrats are currently in poor case. Their disarray emerges in what happened to old Tom Connally, real author of the bipartisan policy in foreign affairs and of much practical aid to Europe.

I could not understand why he recently railed at Mr. Harriman. The explanation is that he was doing it against the grain in order to humour the Texan machine which objected that its aged Senator's criticism of the mutual aid programme was insufficient.

Mr. Harriman, the latest Democrat to put his name forward, might make a first-rate President in the current state of the world, but has "big business" stamped on him through long-standing family connections.

To revert to "Ike": he is not quitting his military status until and unless given the nomination in early July. Though he will return home five weeks beforehand, he will not campaign politically while still in the Service. He is expected to make four or five public addresses on broad, chiefly world, issues, but the pith of this period will be his meetings in private with the Republican campaign managers and party bosses who (sad to say) still have the last word in telling delegates whom to nominate.

If *certain* of the White House, they might prefer Taft as their man. Should this befall, the General will still be in the Army and eligible to return to Europe.

In any case, a timely warning has been uttered, that Eisenhower in the White House will not mean a continuation of Mr. Truman's pro-Europe policy. These two men may agree, but the Republican high-ups treading on President Eisenhower's coat-tails definitely would *not*. The General as unifier of American action towards Europe would be severely tested.

SIGNING THE JAPANESE PEACE TREATY: President Truman putting his signature to the famous document at his desk at the White House. Although retiring from office this year, the President has promised to campaign vigorously on behalf of the Democratic nominee for the Presidency, whoever he may be.

AN OLD STAGER ANNOUNCES HIS DEPARTURE: Senator Tom Connally, Chairman of the powerful Senate Foreign Relations Committee, who has announced that he will not seek re-election to the Senate in the forthcoming elections. He has been in Congress for thirty-five years, twelve as a Representative and twenty-three as a Senator

Taft would be no ogre in respect of Europeans, but it is wishful thinking to imagine that the Far East and North American Defence would not assume a greater importance, over Europe, if unphotogenic, sourpuss ("austerity") Bob were returned.

It is evident that he has now been told to grin all over his face, which is a break with his heretofore genuineness. Oh, these switched-on grins! They epitomise so much that is phoney to-day. If told to grin at the camera while disappearing in estuary mud, I believe some of them would respond!

Meanwhile, MacArthur continues to say he's not a candidate, and to deliver vitriolic political harangues, the latest of which said Truman was leading towards a Communist State, as effectively as the Kremlin could do it. He is on firmer ground with many Americans when he points to the Far East and Korea.

And Harry goes on being President, signing treaties and pacts, holding up a steel strike, dismissing his Attorney-General.

Walter Lippmann writes incisively on the need for change, which comes from "a condition of coming apart at the seams . . . which always exists when a Government has outlived its mandate and has spent its power. The scandals themselves were disgraceful, but they appear to be—it sounds awful to say it—merely the normal scandals of a falling regime."

Ah, these Americans! One Newbold Morris, Republican, is sent to clean up McGrath's Department of Justice. Promptly Newbold is questioned "about the cut he had taken in some gaudily profitable tanker deals."

On right—

Fulgencio's Rule in Cuba : Russian Diplomats Bow Out of Cuba.—Set a totalitarian to catch a totalitarian. Tito showed the way. Now a second, though much lesser light, has followed on. Cuba's recently self-reinstated dictator, Fulgencio (what a name for a Strong Man) Batista.

Fulgencio's rule is something in the manner of President Peron's. The trade unions and working-class obey him, whether they want to, or not.

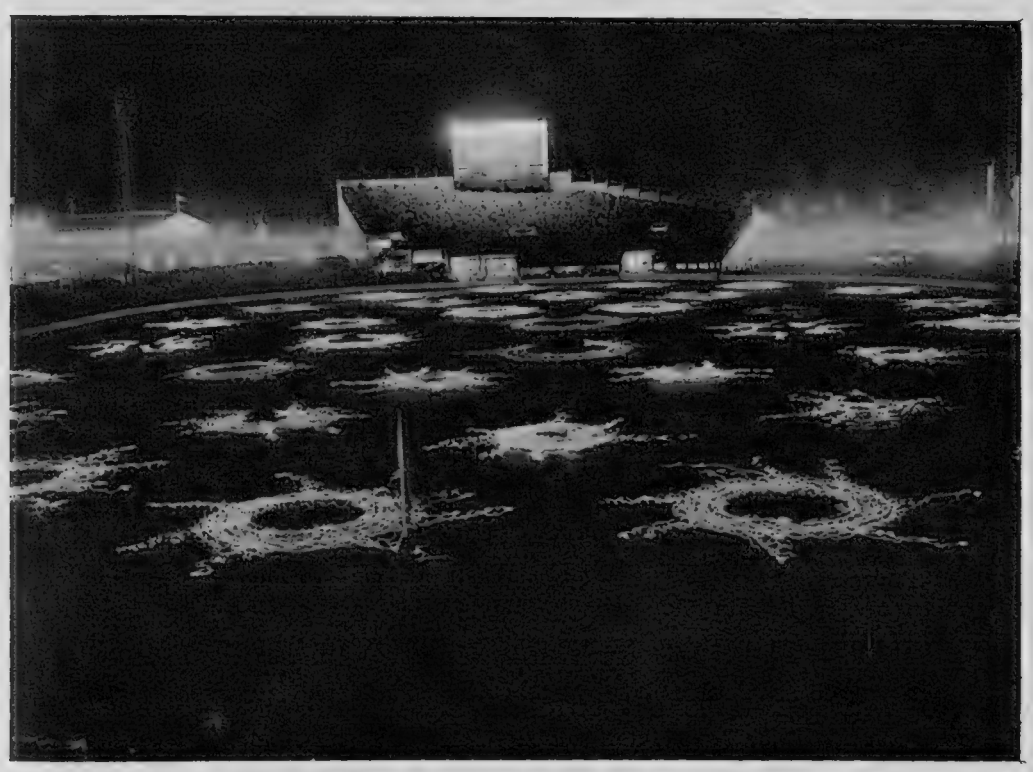
Fulgencio has banished most of the established liberties. All political parties were dissolved, and if the freedoms of Press, speech and right of assembly and of habeas corpus were guaranteed, it was only so conditionally, and they were all promptly suspended.

And when Cubans are allowed to vote again, eighteen months hence, it will be on a strictly one-party (Batista's) basis.

In fact, all the trappings of totalitarianism on a major Caribbean isle. Which was precisely what two Russian couriers found to their dismay, upon landing in Cuba from Mexico. They carried the usual bulging cases of their courier kind . . . what plotting, what intrigue, what cold war tactics and "lines" have not been hidden away in similar Soviet diplomatic baggage round Europe and the world in latter times (not that the Russians are the only ones who do it, though certainly the most impudent and blatant at the game).

Well, Fulgencio wasn't having any. For one thing, he knew what a hotbed of world intrigue Mexico is, and for another, he wasn't yet sure of himself in Cuba, where various forces think him either too raw or too Right. So Fulgencio insisted that the couriers should submit to a Customs examination, even as ordinary mortals.

THE RUSSIANS WALK OUT IN CUBA : Members of the staff of the Russian Legation in Havana walking across the Rancho Boyeros Airport before taking a plane from the Cuban capital to Mexico City, after the Soviet Government had broken off diplomatic relations with the Cuban Government. The break between the two Governments was linked with the refusal of the Cuban authorities to permit two Soviet couriers arriving from Mexico to enter Cuba with luggage unless inspected by Customs authorities. On the left is Lieutenant Perez Janeiro, of the Cuban Army, who is in charge of the airport under the Batista regime. It was by his orders that the couriers were refused entrance unless they submitted to baggage inspection like ordinary travellers.



THE PARASOL DANCE AT SYDNEY : Weaving coloured torches held by 18,000 schoolgirls of Sydney, New South Wales, produced this effect during one of the evening sessions at the Royal Easter Show. Millions of pounds' worth of livestock, farm and dairy produce, also agricultural machinery, were exhibited at the show, and there were the usual ring events, including the Grand Parade.

THE MacARTHURS GO TO THE CIRCUS IN NEW YORK : The General and his wife look on smilingly as young Arthur MacArthur shakes hands with Emmet Kelly, the famous sad-faced clown of the American circus. MacArthur is, at the time of writing, still a possible candidate for the Presidency.

QUEEN JULIANA RECEIVES A DOCTORATE OF LAWS DEGREE AT COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, NEW YORK : The Queen of the Netherlands is handed the scroll by Dr. Grayson Kirk, acting head of the University, in the absence of General Eisenhower, the President of Columbia.

The Flying Dutch Queen : Queen Juliana Makes the Grade.—Contemporary glamorisation of the female face and form in Technicolor, magazines, advertisements and fashion studios means that women in the public eye by birth and condition or their own exertions have to study their looks and appearance as never bygone sisters had to do.

A Mrs. Braddock finds it useful to remind the cameraman that slim limbs can support the heaviest responsibilities.

Thus with a subject; how much more so with a queen.

That was how it was before Queen Juliana stepped on to the tarmac at Washington, with her Prince Bernhard, a Consort's step behind. Advance pictures had suggested "rather a dumpy housewife without glitter." But this Queen works at it, when on parade, and what Americans saw was a fresh and buoyant woman younger than her (forty-two) years and "a lot more splendid than anyone had expected."

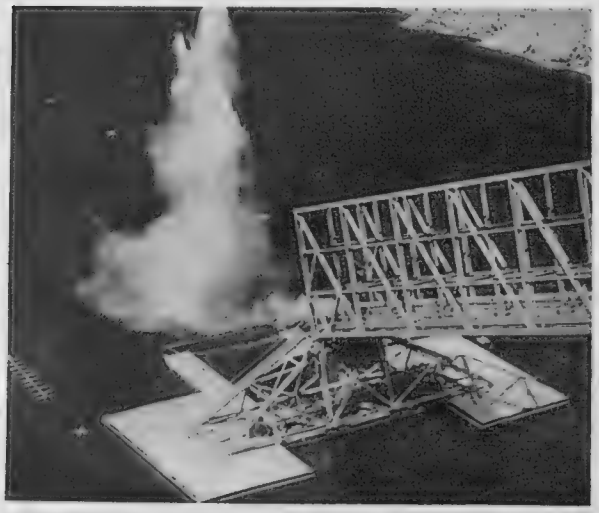
What they were to feel was a warm friendliness and jollity and a direct look showing that the lady had a mind of her own. This she showed in addresses to Congress, and elsewhere, in perfect English. Indeed, her several years in Canada during the war, which were marked by visits south of the border, caused this return to be something in the nature of that of a tourist familiar with old haunts; and after the traditional visit to lil 'ole New York (formerly New Amsterdam), the visitors left for a holiday at Galveston, Texas.

Queen Juliana and Prince Bernhard are doing for their country much the same as the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh plan to do for theirs. The Prince thinks nothing of flying thousands of miles to enhance Dutch sales.

On Three Continents

An Artificial Lake as a Torpedo Testing Ground ; Probing the Ocean Bed ; The Moscow Conference ; The Easter Ceremonial in New York, Jerusalem and Rome

THE VARIABLE-LENGTH MISSILE-TESTER ON THE ARTIFICIAL LAKE FORMED BEHIND NORRIS DAM ON THE SAN GABRIEL RIVER, TWENTY MILES EAST OF PASADENA, CALIFORNIA : This steel and concrete launching apparatus, which can be placed at varying angles in relation to the water, is used by U.S. Navy scientists for their tests with torpedoes and other under-water projectiles. New theories and designs are tried out in the lake, most notably in the related field of hydro-propulsion. A staff of 125 scientists and assistants is engaged in this research, which could play a vital part in determining tactics in any future war at sea. The missile-tester is of all-welded steel. It is 300 ft. long, 35 ft. high and 22 ft. wide. The missiles are launched by compressed air.



A TORPEDO REACHES WATER-LEVEL : The projectile entering the lake behind Norris Dam after being fired from the long launching tube, which is seen on the variable-length missile-tester. Special equipment in the water measures the velocity of the projectile.

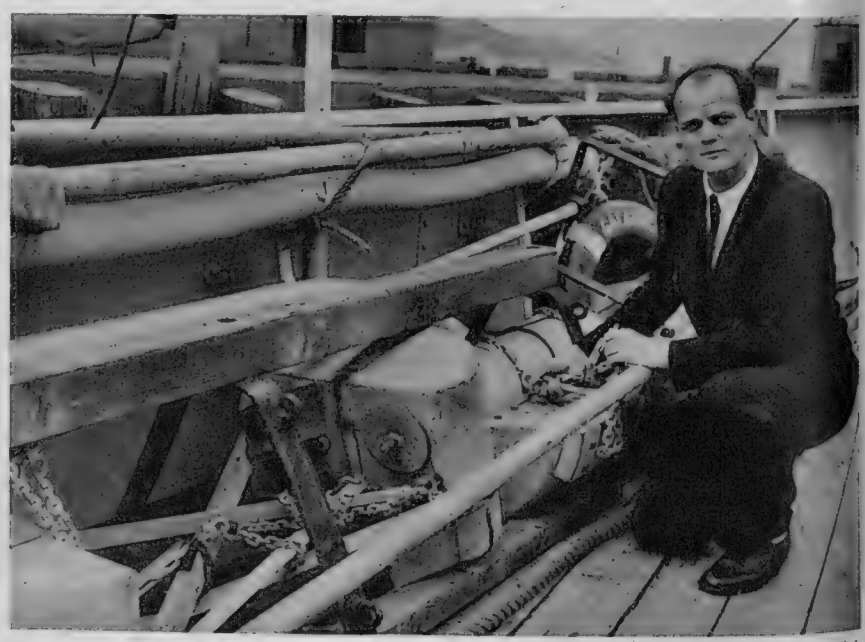
AMERICA'S TORPEDO TESTING GROUND

An Artificial Lake in the San Gabriel Mountains of California

THE DANISH FRIGATE "GALATHEA" BERTHS IN SAN FRANCISCO BAY AFTER COMPLETING A SURVEY OF MARINE LIFE AT THE GREATEST KNOWN DEPTHS OF THE SEA : Led by Dr. Anton F. Brunn, of Copenhagen University, the scientists in *Galathea*, now on their way back to Denmark, have spent the last eighteen months using special apparatus to scrape the sea-bed near the Philippine Islands. The exact location of their experiments has been the 34,000-ft. Johnson Deep, off Mindanao, an area hitherto unexplored. No fish were found below 23,000 ft., but marine organisms were discovered living under terrific pressure and at near-freezing temperatures.

A NEW SPECIES OF SEA ANEMONE FOUND IN THE JOHNSON DEEP, OFF MINDANAO : This marine creature, scraped from the bed of the ocean by the special apparatus carried in the Danish frigate *Galathea*, is about 1½ inches long and about half-an-inch in diameter. Its colouring is described as black and buff.

LOOKING ALONG THE TORPEDO COURSE ON SAN GABRIEL LAKE : In the foreground men are seen at work installing a torpedo before firing it down the long launching tube. Above them is the 500 cub. ft. air flask which releases compressed air for the launching by means of a quick-acting valve. In the foreground is the mechanism for raising and lowering the platform, thus varying the angle of incidence.



THE SEA-BED SCRAPER : Dr. Torben Woolf, zoologist with the Danish expedition which has been operating in the Pacific, seen kneeling beside part of the elaborate apparatus used for obtaining specimens from the depths of the ocean. From each sinking this equipment brought from the sea-bed a barrel of bacteria-filled ooze. Many months will pass before the Danish scientists are able to report in detail on all that they have found during exploration in the Johnson Deep, off Mindanao.

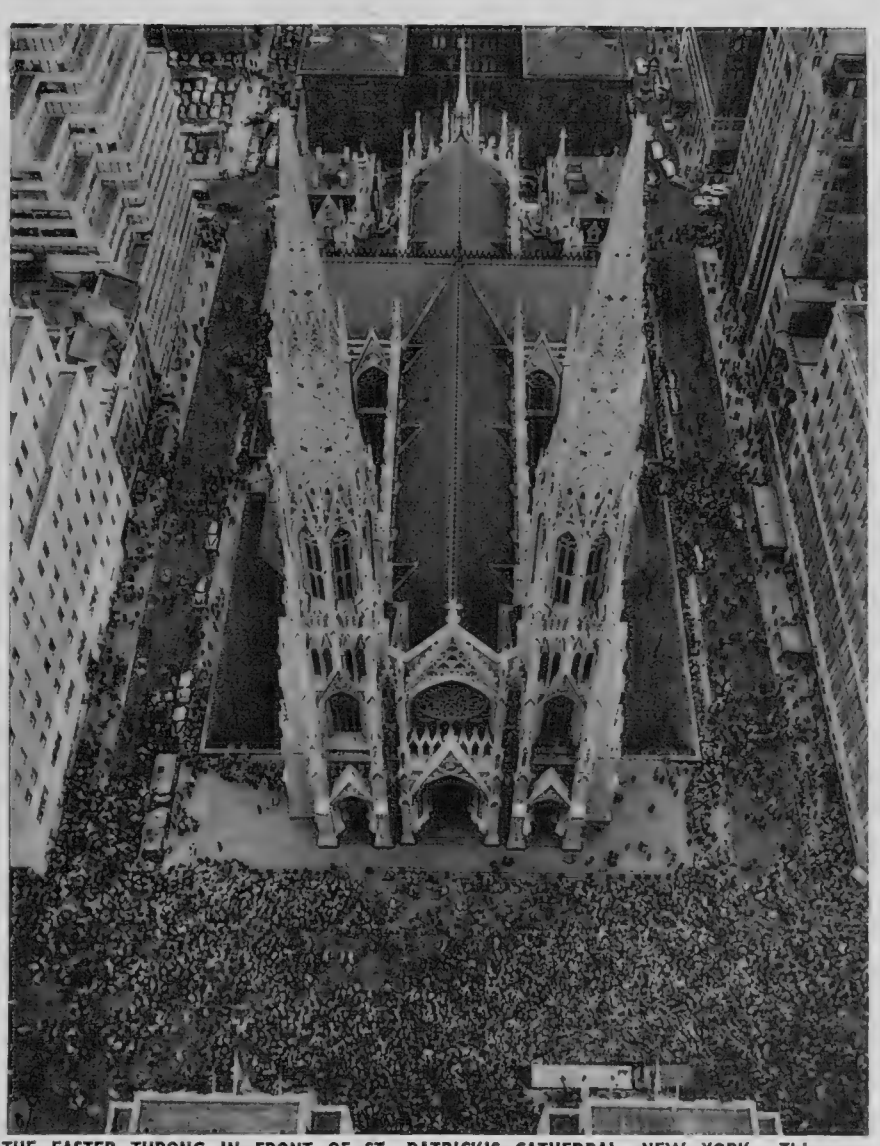
MOSCOW PREPARES TO CELEBRATE THE QUINCENTENARY OF THE BIRTH OF LEONARDO DA VINCI: Members of the Special Commission, which is organising an exhibition at the Museum of the Academy of Arts, selecting prints for the exhibition. Lectures on the life and work of the great Italian are being arranged in cities throughout the U.S.S.R.

NEWS FROM MOSCOW

On left—

THE INTERNATIONAL ECONOMIC CONFERENCE IN MOSCOW—DELEGATES IN THE HALL OF COLUMNS IN THE TRADE UNION HOUSE DURING THE CONFERENCE: Delegates attended the conference from more than forty countries; the total number not being far short of 500. It included business men and trade unionists. The British delegation was unofficial.

AFTER SEVENTY-ONE DAYS IN THE HANDS OF THE CHINESE COMMUNISTS: Tony Martin (centre), son of Mr. T. A. Martin, a well-known resident in the British Colony of Hong Kong, describing his experiences following his disappearance out to sea with two companions in a 14-ft. home-made sailing dinghy. They were captured by Marines of the Chinese Communist forces after being blown off their course, and were apparently very well treated during their time in captivity. After seventy-one days they were released and allowed to cross the Hong Kong border.



THE EASTER THRONG IN FRONT OF ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, NEW YORK: This was part of an enormous crowd on Fifth Avenue on Easter Sunday, when the police estimated that about 500,000 people were packed into the area between 47th and 53rd Streets. Motor-vehicle traffic was stopped in this section of New York from 11.30 a.m. until 2.15 p.m., allowing the crowds to swell from kerb to kerb.

On left—

MAUNDY THURSDAY IN JERUSALEM: Señor Artajo, the Spanish Foreign Minister, Señora Artajo and the Marquise de Villaverdi, daughter of General Franco, at the ceremonial washing of feet at the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. They were members of the Spanish Cultural Mission to the Holy Land which was headed by the Foreign Minister.

EASTER IN OTHER LANDS

THE POPE DELIVERS HIS EASTER MESSAGE: His Holiness speaking from the balcony of St. Peter's to the vast throng of pilgrims. Persons of many races and nationalities assembled in St. Peter's Square for the ceremonies which started with an open-air Mass. The Pope's message was addressed to "Romans, Easter guests of the Eternal City, and beloved sons and daughters of the whole world."

RAMPAGING RIVERS

OF CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES

The Flood Crisis in the Valley of the Missouri

Less than a year ago the Armourdale industrial area of Kansas City was in the grip of mighty floods. Now, 200 miles farther up the Missouri, almost equally disastrous floods are taking place, notably round Sioux City, South Sioux City, Council Bluffs and Omaha. Many of the great rivers of the United States and Canada are indeed on the rampage, as witness the accompanying pictures from the Minneapolis region, where the Minnesota River has burst its banks, and from Swift Current, Saskatchewan, where an important new bridge has collapsed under the pressure of the ice-floes.

On April 13 the American Red Cross estimated that over 19,000 families in eight States had been affected by the Missouri Valley floods. By that date more than 7,000 families in the Omaha-Council Bluffs area had been moved to safety. The air force played a big part in relief operations, flying in many tons of cots, blankets and tentage for the use of the evacuated. Five giant transports, two of them Globemasters, ran a shuttle service last week between the Navy base at Port Columbus and Omaha, Nebraska, also calling at Sioux City, in Iowa.

President Truman was a visitor to the flood area and at Omaha, a city with a population of 224,000, he heard how for days past more than 16,000 men had been building up levees there against the advancing flood crest. The President declared that when he returned to Washington he would renew his demands to Congress for enactment of a national flood-control programme, with flood-control insurance. He wanted a programme, he declared, that would give protection from Pittsburgh to Denver, and from Minnesota to the Gulf.

AS THE CREST OF THE FLOOD NEARED SIOUX CITY, NEBRASKA : Timber from a nearby timber merchants' yard floating on the floodwaters in a suburban street. More than 200 miles of farmland on both sides of the Missouri River was inundated in this area. In the region of South Sioux City all transport was by boat.

A BRIDGE COLLAPSES AT SWIFT CURRENT, SASKATCHEWAN, UNDER THE PRESSURE OF THE ICE-FLOES : This aerial view shows how four spans have been pushed into the river. The spans underwent a constant pounding from the ice-floes for five days, and finally collapsed. This Canadian bridge at Swift Current was only recently completed at a cost of 1,000,000 dollars. The Premier of Saskatchewan has announced that work will soon start on an Army bridge to take the place of the wrecked structure.

A FARM NEAR FORT CALHOUN, NEBRASKA, COMPLETELY ISOLATED : Fort Calhoun is about 15 miles north of Omaha, where the Missouri floods were at their worst. President Truman paid a visit by air to Omaha last week to see for himself the extent of the vast flood damage.

THE MINNESOTA RIVER BURSTS ITS BANKS : As a result of the river spreading far and wide, this plant of the Northern States Power Generating Company near Savage, twelve miles south of Minneapolis, was completely isolated.

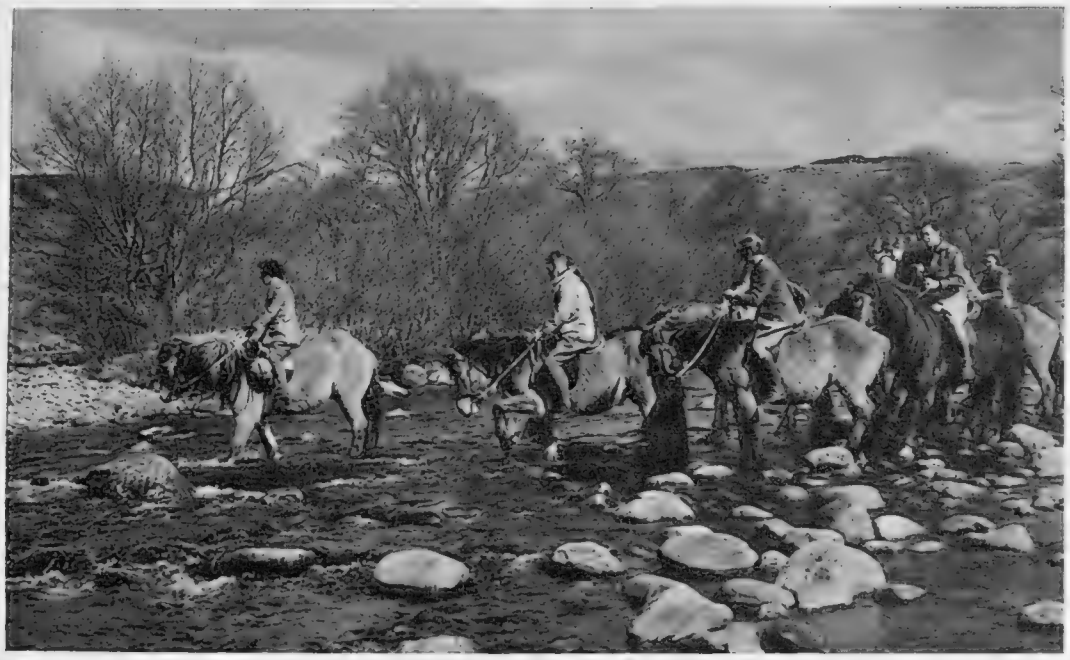
A RAILWAY SPAN WITH THE APPEARANCE OF A ROLLER COASTER : This happened at Chamberlain, South Dakota, after floods had pushed giant ice-blocks against the railway bridge. The ice-blocks, carried on the rampaging waters of the Missouri River, ripped out the supports at the bridge approach seen in the foreground.

Pony Trekking in the Highlands

One Way in Which the Tourist Can Enjoy the Beauties of the Scottish Scene

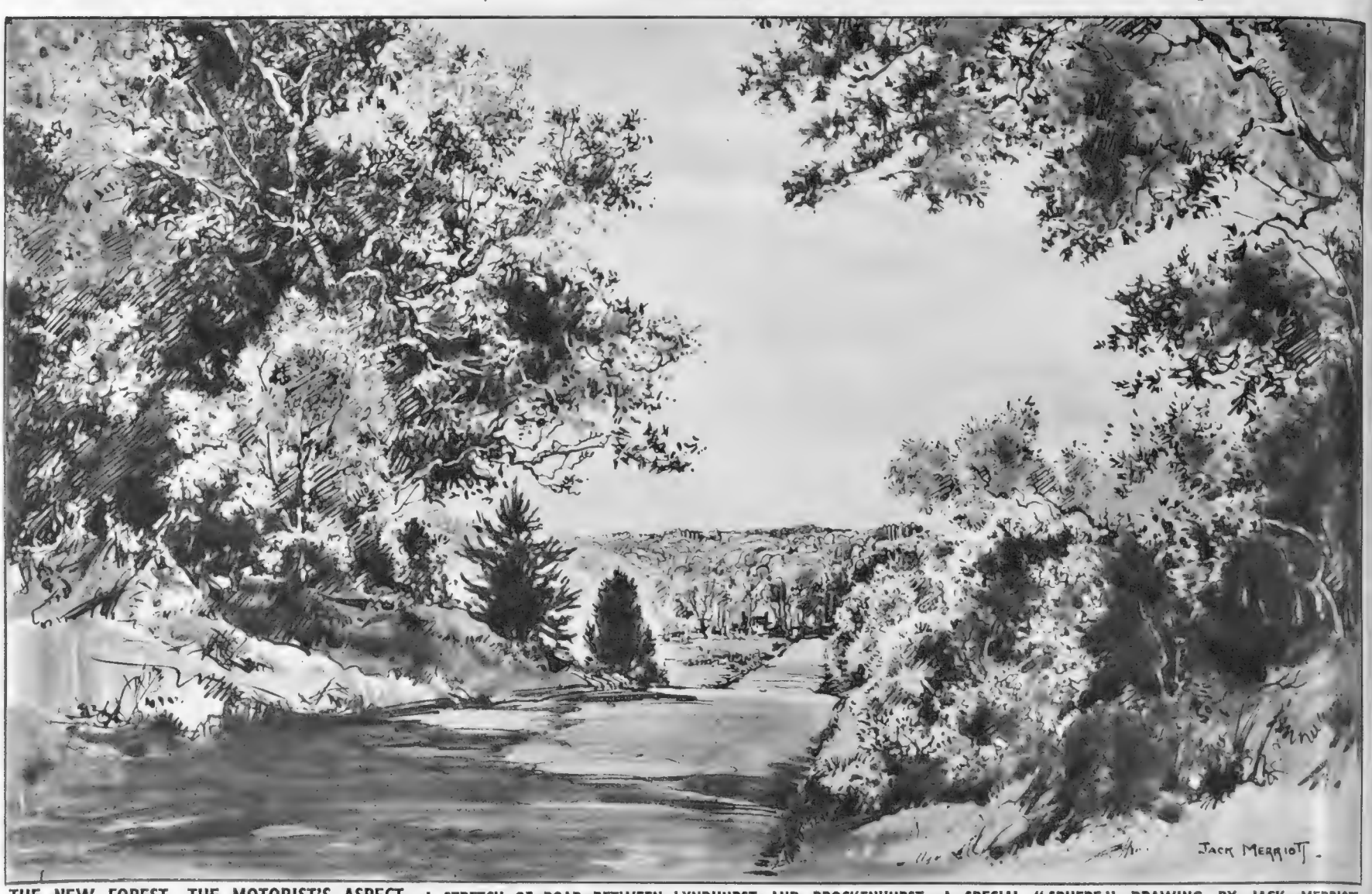
MAJOR BILL YOUNGSON GIVES INSTRUCTION TO A GROUP OF RIDERS BEFORE LEAVING THE BALAVIL HOTEL AT NEWTONMORE: Major Youngson was holding a holiday course in pony trekking. Highland hotels in several remote areas are planning to have hill ponies in the stables to take holidaymakers to beauty spots inaccessible by motor-car or bus. The welfare and the grooming of the ponies will be the responsibility of the tourists. It is emphasised that even visitors with little experience can handle the ponies, and this form of travelling can be most rewarding.

GAZING DOWN THE PRECIPITOUS SLOPES OF GLEN BANCHOR: A young Scottish rider from Perth seen during a pony trek on the heights near Newtonmore. This is some of the wildest country in Inverness, and not easily accessible by transport.



SEEING THE BEAUTIES OF INVERNESS-SHIRE ON PONY BACK: *Left*—Riding up a mountain track from one of the shimmering lochs of Inverness-shire. *Right*—A party of tourists splashing through the waters of the River Calder in Glen Banchor. This famous glen lies in the foothills of the Monadhliath Mountains, which rise in the hinterland north of Newtonmore, Kingussie and Kincraig. The Calder is a tributary of the Spey.

RIDING UP THE STEEP SLOPES OF GLEN BANCHOR, AND IN THE BACKGROUND THE STILL SNOW-COVERED HEIGHTS OF A'CHAILLEACH, ONE OF THE HIGH POINTS IN THE MONADHLIATH MOUNTAINS: This is truly magnificent country for the tourist on pony back, and there is indeed no better or healthier way to explore it. The Council of Physical Recreation in Scotland is giving its blessing to the new tourist venture, which may well become highly popular during the coming months.



THE NEW FOREST, THE MOTORIST'S ASPECT—A STRETCH OF ROAD BETWEEN LYNDHURST AND BROCKENHURST, A SPECIAL "SPHERE" DRAWING BY JACK MERRIOTT: The New Forest is one of the largest areas of unenclosed land in the South of Britain and has been aptly described as "a miraculous survival of pre-Norman England." The Forestry Commission, which administers this unique area, is the direct successor of the Lord Wardens appointed by the medieval kings to preserve the forest which was their personal domain. The principal officer in the forest is still known by the ancient title of Deputy Surveyor.

A Policy for Britain's Forests

Planning in the Past has Often been Disastrous, for it is Only Now Coming to be Realised that the Forest is a Complex Super-organism in which the Culture of Single Species Can be Fatal

BY F. FRASER DARLING, D.Sc., F.R.S.E., with Special Drawings BY JACK MERRIOTT, R.I.

BRITAIN is committed to a forest policy which will give us 5,000,000 acres of productive woodland in fifty years. The timber needed is mainly what the trade calls softwood, coming from coniferous trees, many species of which are foreign to this country. Landscapes are undoubtedly going to change. There is a good deal of opposition on æsthetic grounds to this invasion of exotic conifers, and pastoral interests often resist the allocation of land to timber growing. A good forest, however, is no dark blot on the landscape, because it is a varied complex of trees and its value in a pastoral countryside can be of a widely ramifying nature. These problems are urgent now, though but a few hundred years ago Britain was a country of great forests.

If we were perfect inhabitants of a perfect world we should not begin to exploit a living natural resource until we had learned all there was to know about the organisms which constituted that resource. Hunters and food-gatherers usually know a great deal about the lives of the animals and plants they seek, but such primitive folk might be called part of the indigenous fauna, and though they *use* living things, they can scarcely be said to *exploit* them. This latter word implies a commercial usage, an unfolding for profit in some form or other, and such exploitation may mean —as it all too often has—a depletion and extinction of the resource, or occasionally such understanding that the resource continues but spills a considerable surplus into man's hands. The buffaloes of the North American plains are an example of an animate natural resource being exploited to extinction with no thought but of selfish commercial gain; the North Sea fisheries are an example of continued but lessening yield, every effort being made by the fishing nations to find out as much as possible of how fish live, but no nation feeling able to impose fully such measures as would conserve the stocks of fish. We just go on overfishing. Perhaps we did the nearest thing to learning about the animals as we exploited them when we began Antarctic whaling, for research has been continuous, but the resource exists precariously nevertheless.

Forests have long been examples of living natural resources that have been nibbled at throughout the history of civilisation, and only very recently have men exercised their minds as to how trees grow. Indeed, through long ages the forests can have been looked upon not so much as a resource as an enemy to be conquered. Even in this bared country of Britain to-day, the attitude towards woody growth would indicate that the "Sylvan Horror" has not left our subconscious mind. The tendency to cut down seems always in advance of letting grow, and if we do let grow, it must grow tidily and according to notions that may be far from the forest's idea of optimum. Forests consist of so much more than trees. The length of time which trees take to grow makes for expensive mistakes in woodland policy, because we do not know what is going to happen for twenty, fifty or even a hundred years.

This fact is linked with the dichotomy in the minds of foresters. What a noble title that is to bear—forester! But how few foresters there are compared with the number of pole-growers who usurp the name! We have never made up our minds in this country exactly which we are going to be. We have been destroying forest as hard as we could for nearly 1,500 years, feeling pretty moral about it most of the time, and now that we want to grow trees again we have tended to go on destroying natural forest associations of plants and have taken on policies—which may be mistaken—of mid-nineteenth-century Germany in growing closed-canopy stands of single species of conifers.

A QUAINT STRETCH OF LYMINGTON RIVER IN THE NEW FOREST: The river seen from Bolderford Bridge, Brockenhurst. The New Forest, covering just over 140 square miles, holds attractions for everyone—for the historian searching for evidence of prehistoric or Roman occupation, the naturalist on the look-out for rare specimens, the forester who wishes to study woodland development, or the host of holiday-makers seeking an expanse of pleasant country over which they may wander at will.

Some day, it is to be hoped that someone in the Forestry Commission will write a frank and introspective history of that body and of the century of forestry that preceded it. We should all learn so much from it. These remarks do not mean criticism of the Commission to-day, and for myself I doubt whether I am prepared to join in criticism of any of its activities since the Commission's establishment in 1919. Some awful mistakes were made; the Commission, charged with the urgent job of growing coniferous trees on a large scale, did not know how to grow trees as forest, but very few other people did either. There is so much ill-informed criticism

THE NEW FOREST SALES DEPOT AT LYNDHURST, WHERE TREES WHICH HAVE BEEN FELLED IN THE FOREST ARE BROUGHT FOR SAWING, TRIMMING AND STORAGE PRIOR TO SALE: Telegraph poles and pit-props are among the many products of the New Forest. During the 1914-18 war the forest yielded no less than 8,000,000 cub. ft. of timber and a further 12,500,000 cub. ft. in the Second World War. These fellings were made with an eye to the appearance of the woods, and re-growth since then has been rapid.

of the Commission, and so much of it completely out of date that it needs to be said that in its thirty-three years of existence the Commission has shown remarkable elasticity of mind and has recognised the early mistakes which, after all, were the practice on a large public scale of what was then accepted as sound forest policy. One could not know beforehand that close, solid mono-cultures of Norway spruce might sterilise the ground beneath and bring it to utter desolation; one could not be sure, though a naturalist might have divined, that one deciduous tree should be allowed to grow for every three conifers; and the practical man could not be bothering his head about nice little flowers in the field layer and the interesting creeping things in the top few inches of forest soil. And whether one grumbles or not, there are some very fine stands of trees growing now where was none before. The pines on the Breckland are the best crop that ground has grown since Neolithic times; the spruces of various kinds which clothe the steep faces either side of Loch Eck, north of Dunoon, represent a more wonderful achievement than is usually conceded, and they provide a type of scenery to be seen nowhere else in Britain; the Great Glen plantings are on the block plan and not beautiful, and they replaced a lot of good oak which was ringed and let die. That technique has been discontinued, thank goodness. The Strathyre Forest, north of Callander, in Perthshire, is surely a model of varied planting and careful blending with hardwood trees. The satisfaction is there to the eye, but the planting of Strathyre Forest rested on the plan of putting the right species of tree in each spot where a tree was to be planted. The mistake of block planting had been learned.

Are these plantations going to become forests and, if so, how long will it take? A forest, in the eyes of a naturalist, is an extremely complex super-organism which has taken a long time to develop. A forest is rather like a well-knit civilisation in which there are niches for all and sundry, and even the presence of a few rascals does not impair the well-being of such a state, for they inculcate prudence and watchfulness in the civilisation as a whole. Whatever anyone produces, there is someone ready to use it. That is exactly the situation in a natural forest; there is no waste. Indeed, because of the process of photosynthesis, by which plants create starch from carbon di-oxide and water in the presence of light, solar radiation is gathered and garnered by

THE STATE FORESTS OF BRITAIN: This sketch-map shows the main State forest areas and also conservancy boundaries. New forests are being created all over Britain, and already some 600,000 acres of State plantations have been established by the Forestry Commission. The Government has approved the first stages of a plan which will eventually give us 5,000,000 acres of productive forest.

the forest as a whole, so that an old forest represents both a store of wealth and fertility as well as a highly efficient biological system for the utilisation of products in almost endless variety. The goodness or badness of a forest, from a naturalist's point of view, means the working condition of this biological system which captures solar radiation and can store it by means of the complex organisation of living things. Finally, it is the forester's criterion of good or bad forest also, but his outlook is not as detached as that of the naturalist.

Let us take an example of a stretch of English or Scottish country of perhaps a thousand years ago and probe its nature: we see a great deal of oak wood, with underthorn of hazel and holly, clearings caused by fire, in which thorns and possibly birch and pines appear, stages on the way back to the ultimate oak wood. There is a carpet of woodland grasses, distinctive flowers such as windflower, cow-wheat, wintergreen and Solomon's seal, and of several kinds of mosses. The wood edges are never stark or open, but are sealed by hawthorn and blackthorn, intergrown with field rose, giving a surface the wind will not penetrate.

There are big animals in this forest, red deer brashing the young trees, destroying some completely and allowing others to develop straight boles; roe-deer browsing the shrub layer, and both species coming on to the clearings to graze at dusk. There were wolves and foxes in that old forest, keeping down the numbers of deer and keeping them dispersed. One of the most tragic things that can happen in a forest is for deer to increase to a high density of, say, one to 10–20 acres, or for them to have such peace that they tend to "yard" and tread out the forest floor. A low density of timid, active deer, say one to 100–150 acres, is probably beneficial to the forest. A few wild boar would be rooting about, preventing stagnation, consuming many acorns, and burying a few more which would germinate. The high potential increase of the wild swine would be scaled down also by the predatory wolf. The squirrels in the trees had their own active predator, the marten, and down on the forest floor the wood-mouse was preyed upon by stoat and weasel. Without the predators, the deer and the rodents would eat out the forest. That is a condition we have reached in many parts of Britain, unfortunately, of predators being reduced in variety and numbers, deer too numerous in some parts of the Highlands, and rodents too many almost

(*Continued on following page*)

LOOKING ACROSS THE TREE-TOPS OF COED-Y-BRENIN—ONE OF THE LARGEST STATE FORESTS IN WALES, LYING IN THE HEART OF THE WILD AND MOUNTAINOUS COUNTY OF MERIONETH: This picture shows plantations of spruce, larch and pine, the light green of the larch trees emerging clearly against the darker background of the other trees. Coed-y-Brenin received its name, which means The King's Forest, in 1935, in commemoration of the Silver Jubilee of King George V. The total area of the forest is twenty-six square miles, lying to the north and west of Dolgelley.

A POLICY FOR BRITAIN'S FORESTS

(*Continued from previous page*)

everywhere—in fact, in the past millennium we have introduced the desert-making rabbit. There are few places where oak woodland will regenerate naturally nowadays.

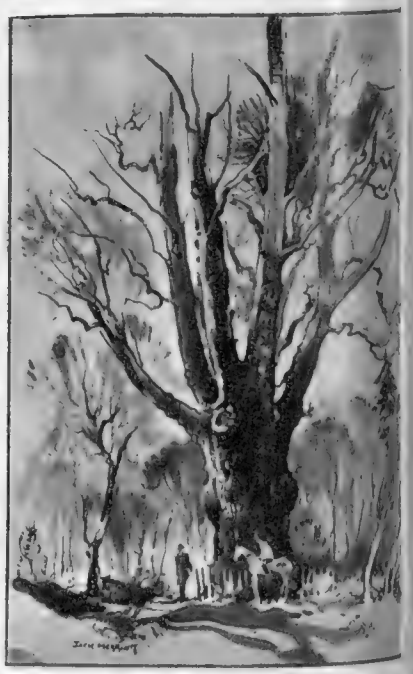
There was also a distinctive complex of birds in the forest—goshawk, kite, sparrowhawk, buzzard and tawny owl; woodpeckers, nuthatch, treecreeper and tits; several species of finch; wood warbler, redstart, pied flycatcher and other insectivorous summer migrants; and in addition several birds of wider habitat range. However much of a bird-lover one may be, and anxious to stress the practical necessity of birds in the forest, it is doubtful whether a good case can be made out for their being *very* important. Their feeding toll on rodents and insects comes nowhere near the supply, but the birds are nevertheless part of the insurance policy, and we do not know enough of their influences to be categorical about their place in the super-organism of the forest. Some are already extinct, others much reduced.

We have touched on the easily-seen creatures, but the vastly greater part of the fauna of the forest and the greater part of the activity there is concerned with the invertebrate animals which are much more difficult to see at work. Their ramifying activities keep the system going. Where should we start, indeed? We can but touch on the infinite variety, but shall notice, perhaps, that as pole-growers we tend to overlook the fact of the necessity of all this invertebrate life in the system of the forest, and we are apt to concentrate on what we consider as insect pests.

Suppose we start from the fundamental point that the deep-going roots of trees bring basic plant-food material from the lower reaches of the soil to the level of the leaves: young leaves are rich in calcium and old leaves not so rich. There are insects ready to take advantage of the situation—those defoliating caterpillars of the *Tortrix* moth and the Mottle Umber which, if too numerous, can strip the oaks in May. But suppose the insurance policy is working well, i.e., the birds gorging themselves and the vast horde of predatory and parasitic insects seeking out the caterpillars, then the oaks will not be stripped, but may lose 15–20 per cent. of their foliage. The trees can well withstand this, and what is happening? If you listen closely in an oak wood in May you will hear a tiny, continuous sound of droppings falling on to the field layer from the defoliating caterpillars. These minute droppings are rich in calcium, and in cellulose-splitting bacteria from the gut of the caterpillars. Down on the forest floor are animals which look upon the droppings as manna. Earthworms need calcium-rich food for their survival, and we all realise from Darwin's classic researches how important

(*Concluded on pages 146–47*)

PLANTATIONS AROUND LOCH DRUNKIE, WITH BEN LEDI AND BEN GULLIPEN BEYOND: This is part of the State forest of Loch Ard, one of the largest in Scotland, which lies in the heart of a region renowned for the scenic grandeur of its hills, lochs and moors, and for its associations with Scottish history and literature. It centres on the town of Aberfoyle, on the borders of Perthshire and Stirlingshire. Within its bounds the River Forth begins its tortuous course across the peaty wastes of Flanders Moss.



THE KNIGHTWOOD OAK: This is the oldest an greatest oak in the New Forest. It known to be over 350 years old, and m indeed be as much as 500 years ol

AN EXAMPLE OF NATURAL REGENERATION IN THE NEW FOREST: Mother trees of Scots pine and Douglas fir are seen on the right of the roadway. They are tall and serene and stand with the younger generation of trees at their feet. The dignity and beauty of these mother trees can be better appreciated in these conditions. Where a forest like the New Forest is already established, and there is no question of changing the species, natural regeneration is to be preferred on a number of counts. It is cheaper and makes for sounder plantations. There is no question of getting the plants into regimented lines.

TIMBER IN EMBRYO: Emerging through granite chippings, laid on seed-beds to prevent an earthy crust forming, are tiny mountain pines. Five weeks before the picture was made, these seedlings were sown from seed collected in Wales.

A GROUP OF BEECHES AT KNIGHTWOOD, IN THE NEW FOREST: Here is another example of natural regeneration. The mother trees are seen in the background, with the younger generation in front of them. Whereas a plantation starts with 2,000 plants or fewer per acre, a natural regeneration area may have 5,000 to 6,000 or even more.

FIRE PRECAUTIONS IN THE NEW FOREST: This is the Fritham Fire Tower, one of three such towers in the forest, each built on high ground and commanding extensive views. The towers are linked by telephone, so that when a fire is seen bearings are taken, and the exact location of the fire is established in a few moments. This tower is 65 ft. high. The Lyndhurst tower is 75 ft.

A POLICY FOR BRITAIN'S FORESTS

(Concluded from previous pages)

the earthworms are for the production and maintenance in health of vegetable mould. The worms are mixers and circulators of soil in their own stratum, keeping it light and well drained. In minuter fashion still, there are mites tunnelling along root hairs, creating air space in the soil and converting organic matter. The dung from deer and other larger animals is processed by beetles and other invertebrate animals, and these in turn are sought and preyed upon by birds and wood-mice, so that further mixing and spreading is being done. The system is one of extraordinary complexity, but it is not over-complicated. The net result of its working is rapid circulation and conversion of soil and other materials, and gradual building-up of energy reserves.

If we go bald-headed at a forest and remove all the trees, we change conditions so completely that many animals cannot exist. In other words, complexity is lost, and if we decide to grow forest there again one century or five centuries hence, we find we cannot just re-create it by planting tree species which were formerly removed. The system has to come back gradually.

If we survey botanically and zoologically the new forests of to-day, we find how poor are the associations of plants and animals, and we know that the trees have not established themselves as well as they would have done had they started within a forest of continuous history. A visit to some of the areas of regeneration, even of exotic species, in the old habitat of the New Forest, will show the amazing growth trees can make under such conditions. We have few such places left in Britain.

The mono-culture blocks of trees in this country repay close study. We find that the variety of predatory and parasitic wasps and ichneumon flies is very poor indeed, yet these insects are responsible more than any other class of organisms for keeping down the beetle, moth and sawfly pests. We need variety of plants within a forest to provide variety of conditions for the complex system of flora and fauna which make a forest "go." Once a true forest habitat is established, it will accept exotic species quite well, and no man of sense would wish to set the clock back by excluding the many valuable coniferous species we have gained from North America and Europe. Such forest land should be maintained as a continuum, and not treated as a field of wheat to be shorn down. The tidy German found too apt a pupil in Britain. The French, on the other hand, are intentionally untidy in their selectively felled forests, and in that, beyond doubt, they show themselves the better naturalists.

Our ultimate aim, surely, should be sustained yield and variety of produce, which could be best gained from forest as a biological continuum carrying its own safeguards against epidemic outbreaks. We are faced, nevertheless, with resolution of the time-need equation in a situation where a start has had to be made largely on bare ground. The crucial moment will come at the first main fellings. Will they be made under the searing stress of a third war, or more gradually, allowing opportunity for regeneration or replanting into a woodland habitat? Wars and woodlands do not go together, and the countries of both victors and vanquished suffer, sometimes irreparably.

THE BOLDERWOOD INCLOSURE IN THE NEW FOREST, WHERE SOME OF THE LARGEST TREES MAY BE SEEN: There Douglas firs may reach 130 ft. in height. In the Bolderwood Inclosure there is, too, an excellent example of regeneration of Douglas fir, and also an interesting illustration of the effects of a wartime bomb in stirring up soil.

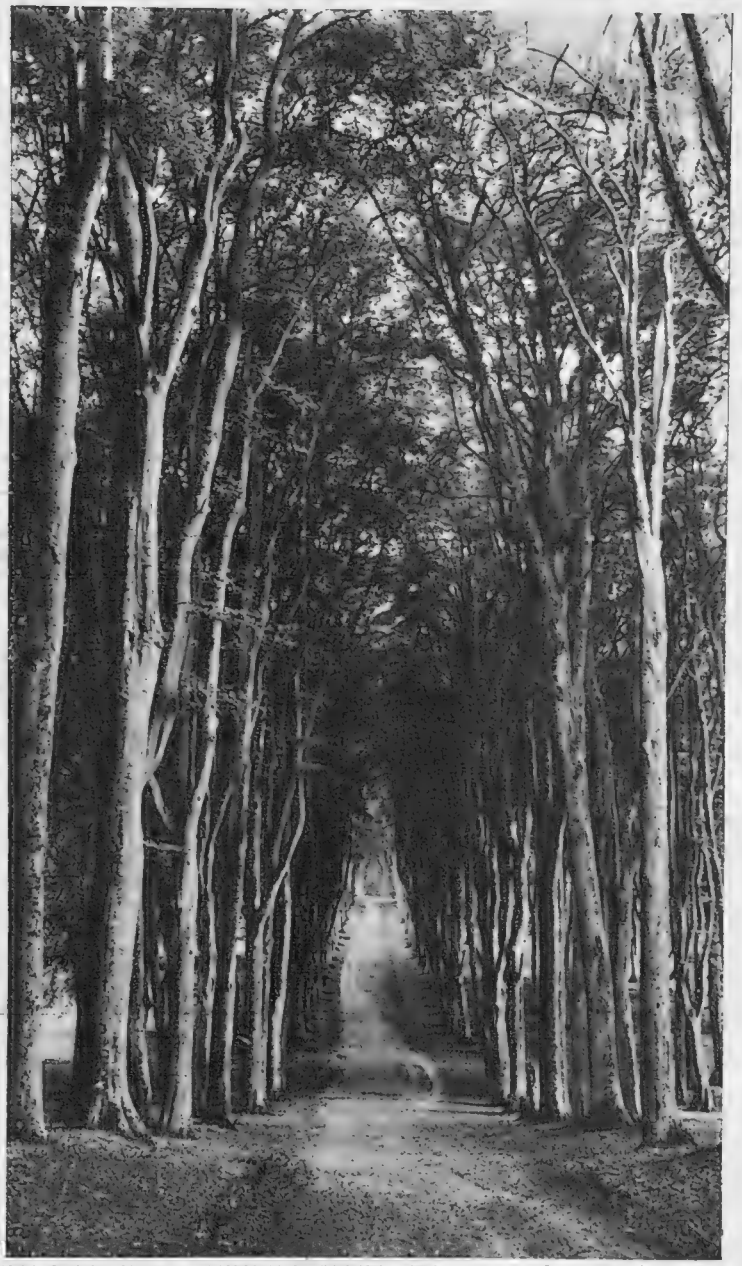
PLANTING TREES AT THETFORD: Workers advancing across a plantation with young trees which are slung in haversacks across their backs.

TRADITIONAL HOUSES FOR FOREST WORKERS AT BRAEVAL, LOCH ARD: Braeval lies near Aberfoyle and at the foot of the Menteith Hills. It is planned that the Loch Ard Forest will one day send thousands of tons of pit-wood and timber to the industrial towns of the Scottish Lowlands, which this forest is so well placed to supply.

TRANSPLANTING THREE-YEAR-OLD DOUGLAS FIRS: A trainee in forestry at work in the forest nurseries at Lynford Hall, near Thetford, Norfolk. The transplanting board, holding thirty young firs, enables them all to be set in place at one time and soil is heaped against the roots.

OPEN COUNTRY IN THE NEW FOREST : Douglas fir and Scots pine predominate in this picture made in the Highland Water area near Lyndhurst. There are glades, moors and marshes within the New Forest that have scarcely changed since the day when William the Conqueror decreed that this region should henceforth be his Royal domain, thus giving rise to the name New Forest.

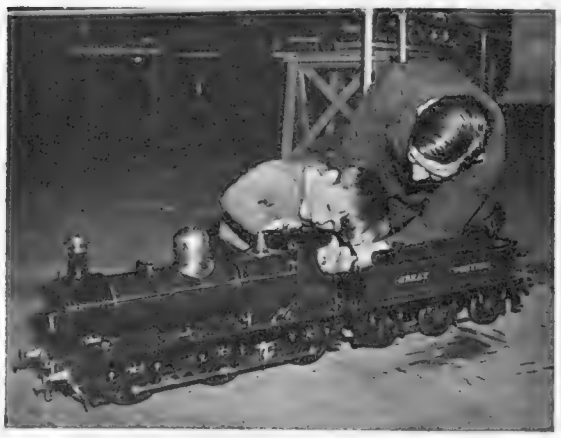
TIDENHAM CHASE, WYE VALLEY : This is one of the forests in the Dean National Forest Park. Tidenham Chase is wholly in Gloucestershire, but some of its finer prospects are seen from the Monmouthshire border. These hillside woods, with dark masses of yews, broad sweeps of mid-green, broad-leaved foliage and pale green larches are part of some of the Wye's grandest scenery.



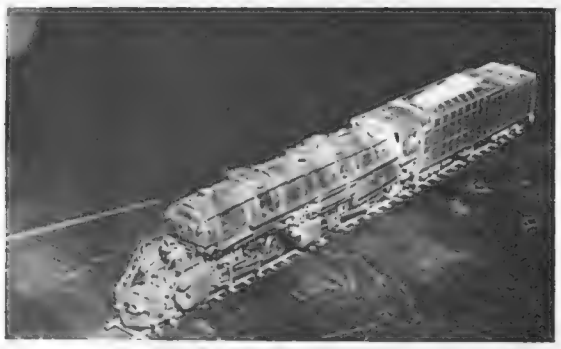
THE GRAND AVENUE, SAVERNAKE FOREST : This avenue of beeches is one of the glories of the famous forest, lying to the south-east of Marlborough. In early times Savernake was a Royal forest. It is now administered by the South-West Conservancy of the Forestry Commission.

EXHIBITIONS IN ENGLAND

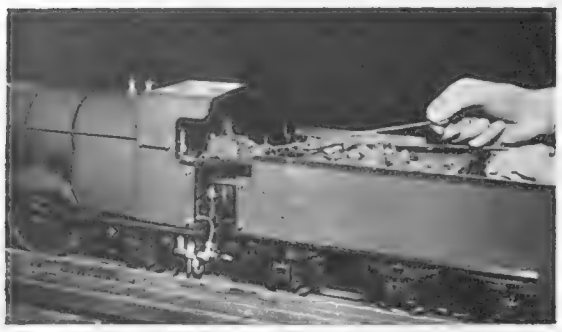
The Model Railway Exhibition; Portland Castle Open to the Public; an Exhibition of Arms and Armour at the Tower of London



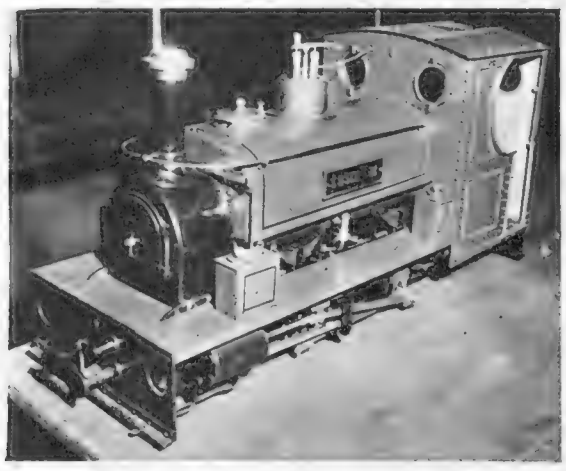
THE MODEL RAILWAY EXHIBITION IN LONDON: Three-year-old John Somers, of Retford, Nottinghamshire, examines the model of an old G.W.R. locomotive at last week's Model Railway Exhibition in Central Hall, Westminster. With him is his father, who is the loco shed-master at Retford. The masterpiece of the exhibition was an 000-gauge working lay-out built in six months by Mr. H. B. Whall and Captain Cyril Provo. A Kentish landscape of 30 acres, with 4¾ miles of track was reproduced on a table measuring 5 ft. by 12 ft. The railway, houses, trees, canals and locks, roads, farms, a power-station with overhead grid system, a gas works, oast-houses, a quarry, hopfields, a castle and cricketers on a sports field were all reproduced exactly to the scale of 2 millimetres to the foot. As usual in this annual exhibition there were many models of the variegated wagons and locomotives of the old private railway companies.



A WORKING MODEL OF AN AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVE: This model of a Western and Norfolk articulated locomotive at the Model Railway Exhibition is the work of Mr. Ronald Warboys, of London.



A COAL-FIRED LOCOMOTIVE AT THE MODEL RAILWAY EXHIBITION: This is a model of an old Great Northern Railway "4-4-2," built to the scale of ½-in. to 1 ft. The model can pull fifteen passengers.



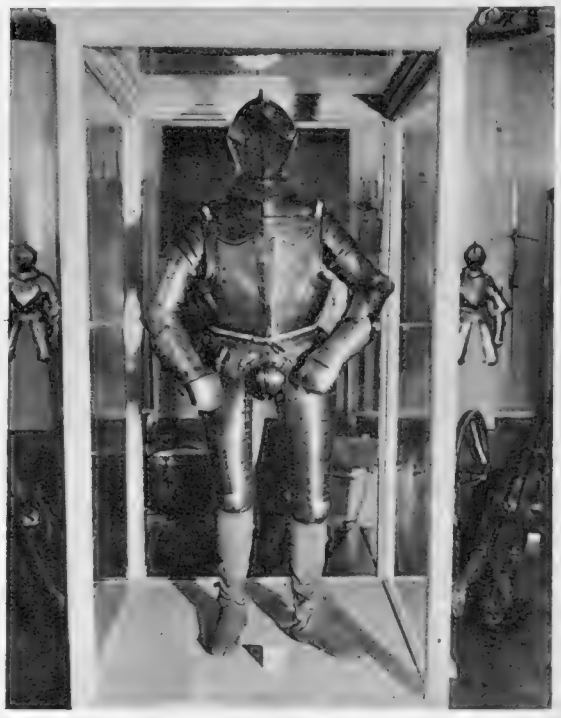
THE "SUSIE M."—A QUAINT OLD QUARRY ENGINE IN MINIATURE: This was another of the coal-fired models at the exhibition. It is one-eighth the size of the original and can draw a load of half a ton.

A GENERAL VIEW OF PORTLAND CASTLE, DORSET, WHICH HAS NOW BEEN OPENED TO THE PUBLIC BY THE MINISTRY OF WORKS: This is one of the sturdy fortresses built by Henry VIII to defend his realm against the threat of invasion in 1540. Portland Castle, built of the famous local stone, is in an excellent state of preservation. It has long been one of the ancient monuments under the care of the Ministry of Works, and has now been opened to the public at a charge of 6d. a head.

THE WAR WALK AND THE BACK COURTYARD OF PORTLAND CASTLE: Fixed to the wall on the right is an old warning bell, presenting a striking contrast to the radar pylon crowning the hill in the background. After 500 years the walls of Portland stone are still unblemished by the ravages of time.

A VIEW OF THE TIMBERED GREAT HALL OF PORTLAND CASTLE: In 1540, as in 1940, the soldiers of England stood alone against the threat of invasion from across the Channel—an invasion which never came. In this hall men of Henry VIII's army passed the time as they watched for the enemy's approach.

GERMAN ROYAL TREASURES ON VIEW AT THE TOWER OF LONDON: This is a general view of the exhibition of armour, arms and military relics lent by the Duke of Brunswick and Lüneberg, which opened at the Tower of London recently and will continue until the end of October. The exhibits were selected from those kept at Blankenburg Castle, in the Harz Mountains, until, in 1945, they were removed to Marienburg, near Brunswick. They represent the hereditary armoury of the Guelph family, in whose workshops most of the armour seems to have been made.



A THREE-QUARTER SUIT OF ARMOUR FOR THE FIELD: This finely-worked suit, included in the Tower of London Exhibition, was made between 1555 and 1560, evidently for an exceptionally large man.

THE GALA UNIFORM OF A COLONEL OF AN AUSTRIAN HUSSAR REGIMENT: This example of the military uniforms in the Tower of London Exhibition has a scarlet jacket and pantaloons, white pelisse trimmed with fur, shoulder belt, and sabretache.

ANIMAL PARADE

A Condor Chick in a U.S. Zoo ; a London Gorilla and an Edinburgh Orang-Outang ; Shetland Ponies Breed in the Lake District

"THE WORLD'S UGLIEST DUCKLING"—A CONDOR CHICK AT THE SAN DIEGO ZOO : The chick was hatched after fifty-six days of artificial incubation and was one week old when this picture was taken. The condor is the great vulture of the Andes and one of the largest vultures in the world. A full-grown male may be 3½ ft. long and have a wing-spread of 10 ft. In the wild the bird breeds on the most inaccessible ledges, and a year passes before the chick is able to fly. While stories of the condor's boldness and voracity have been greatly exaggerated, it does sometimes attack goats, lambs and calves, and there are reports that flocks of condors have been known to attack adult animals. But it feeds chiefly on carrion, and one of its methods is to soar in the characteristic vulture manner watching for pumas to make their kills. When the puma is sated the condor descends and gorges itself on the remains. A condor kept at a zoo in Valparaiso once ate 18 lb. of meat in a day and on the next seemed to have as good an appetite as ever.

GUY, THE LONDON ZOO'S GORILLA, HAS AN EASTER HANGOVER : Guy had too much to eat during the Easter holidays and was suffering from an attack of indigestion when this picture of him with a human friend was taken last week. Gorillas are very difficult to keep in captivity, though once they have become acclimatised they live quite happily, and one at the Bristol Zoo survived for many years. Guy is now 5½ years old and has been at the London Zoo since 1947. In the Congo, where they are found, gorillas are now protected by law, and though none of the two or three varieties are very numerous, they are certainly in no great danger of extinction.

SHETLAND PONIES BREED IN THE LAKE DISTRICT : These pure-bred Shetland ponies, or Sheltys, as they are sometimes called, are seen with one of their young feeding at Raw Head, Great Langdale, in Westmorland. The Shelty is the smallest British breed of horse, and by some authorities it is considered to be the direct descendant of the British horse of prehistoric times. It stands from 9 to 11 hands high with a rough, shaggy mane and forelock almost concealing the small head. The colour is usually bay, brown or a rusty black. It is a powerful little beast, capable of carrying heavy weights and of long periods of exertion.

THE OLD MAN OF THE FOREST—THE EDINBURGH ZOO'S ORANG-OUTANG : His name is Mickey and he is reputed to be the finest example of his species in captivity. Mickey was seven years old when he came to Edinburgh in 1935 from a zoo in Sumatra, where orang-outangs are found. In almost all its special anatomical features the orang is further removed from man than the other large anthropoids. A full-grown male stands about 4½ ft. high and its arms are so long that even in an erect position the fingers almost touch the ground. The legs are short, and when walking the animal rests on the knuckles of the fingers and the outer edges of the feet. In old males like Mickey, huge ridges develop down the cheeks and the skin around the neck is distended like a goitre. The body is covered with reddish-brown hair.

TEACHING THE THEORY OF CLIMBING IN SNOWDONIA: The Rev. J. H. Williams, Scoutmaster of the Snowdon Scout Group, at Llanberis, North Wales, is seen belayed on a crag when demonstrating to Scouts how he could safely lean out to help the man below. Mr. Williams believes in teaching the theory of climbing before allowing his pupils to have practical experience. Over 4,500 climbers have received training at the Llanberis Camp since it started in 1945, and there have been no casualties during training. The Scouts have been commended for the excellent work they have done from time to time in assisting other climbers in distress.

LOWERING A CASUALTY DOWN THE ROCK-FACE: A Scout, acting as an injured climber, is brought down the rock during practice at Llanberis. The rope is held from the rock to prevent bumping.

ON A ROCK-FACE IN SNOWDONIA: The Scoutmaster Rector, the Rev. J. H. Williams, paying out the rope as one of the Scouts ascends Slope 13, so-called because it was first climbed on a "Friday the Thirteenth."

THE START OF THE ANNUAL SUMMER SAILING SEASON ON THE THAMES: Yachts being prepared for a race before being launched from the lawns of the Tamesis Club, on the bend of the river between Teddington and Kingston. There were entries from clubs in many parts of the country. On the first and second days of this opening regatta the racing catered for no fewer than eight different classes.

A RACE IN THE MERLINS CLASS AT THE EASTER REGATTA OF THE TAMESIS CLUB: Both on Good Friday and Easter Saturday 200 boats took part in the racing above Teddington. There were easterly breezes during much of the racing, but these at times failed, and it was necessary to curtail the courses. The Tamesis Club is ideally situated on a bend of the river, where there is more often than not a fair wind.

APRIL DAYS IN THE OPEN

Sports and Pastimes in Britain as Winter Turns to Spring

TROTTING COMES INTO ITS OWN—COMPETITORS TAKING PART IN THE EASTER MEETING AT MATCHAM'S PARK, NEAR BOURNEMOUTH: The National Trotting Association of Great Britain organised this two-day meeting, which aroused quite a deal of local interest. The big event on the card was a challenge match between Britain and Holland. The handicap races all offered big prize money.

YACHTSMEN PREPARE—WORK IN PROGRESS AT POOLE HARBOUR, DORSET, IN READINESS FOR THE COMING SEASON: Poole is a great yachting centre, both for sailing-craft, which take part in coastal racing and in the great long-distance events, and for motor-craft of the luxury type. One of the most remarkable small boats which have crossed the Atlantic in recent years was *Karin III*, and many yachtsmen will recall the story of her voyage, told by G. C. L. Payne in his book entitled *Out of Poole* (published by John Murray). *Karin III* crossed the Atlantic under sail from Poole to New York, covering 4,200 miles in 72 days, and riding out a great gale in the Bay of Biscay.

LOOKING IN ON A ROOKERY—THE SOCIABLE ROOK AT NESTING-TIME: Preening themselves and gossiping together in the top of a tall tree are some of the "off-duty" males of an English rookery. Above them are other members of the colony, flying off to seek sticks and grass for their nests or grubs and insects for their young. Since early March the rooks have been busy repairing old nests or building new ones. Five or six eggs are laid, bluish-green in colour and spotted with brown or purple. The male often shares the duty of incubation with the female. Unlike crows, from which they may be distinguished by the bare white patch at the base of the beak, rooks are characteristically social birds, feeding in flocks, and sometimes combining to beat off a common foe.

OLYMPIC RIDERS AT PORLOCK—POSSIBLE MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH TEAM WHICH WILL COMPETE AT HELSINKI RIDING THROUGH THE OLD-WORLD SOMERSET VILLAGE ON A PRE-BREAKFAST TRAINING RIDE: Left to right, Mr. Bertie Hill, a farmer, with sixty-six point-to-point victories to his credit; Major Lawrence Rook, who jumped for Britain in the Aga Khan Cup in Dublin, and Mr. Reg. Hindley, captain of the team and Joint-Master of the Pendle Forest and Craven Harriers. The British Olympic riding team of seven men trains six days a week at Porlock Vale. This routine will carry on until June, when the three competitors for Helsinki will be chosen. Through the kindness of Lord Lytton, a variety of road and track on his estate above Porlock has been put at the disposal of the team, and as a result they are enabled to ride long distances without encountering traffic. Much training is done on Porlock Hill, thus enabling the horses to put on muscle. In the Marsh are various examples of jumps over water, all on the Olympic pattern, and in the paddocks at Porlockford House are combinations of obstacle which develop the judgment of riders and the confidence of horses. On Hawcombe is a grand galloping course, with simple jumps.

ALARMED BY AN INTRUDER, A PAIR OF ROOKS FLY OFF FROM THE ROOKERY: Rooks are never shy and soon become accustomed to scarecrows and noise.

THE MORNING CHORES IN A ROOKERY: This parent bird is cleaning its nest, containing half-fledged chicks. The nest is lined with grass and roots.

NEW PLAYS

TWO PLAYS BY AMERICAN AUTHORS ARE CURRENT SUCCESSES ON THE LONDON STAGE—"WINTER JOURNEY" AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE, AND "THE YOUNG ELIZABETH" AT THE NEW THEATRE

DIPSOMANIAC ACTOR AND LONG-SUFFERING WIFE: Michael Redgrave, as the drink-sodden actor, pleads with his wife (Googie Withers) to stay with him before the play in which he has been given a last chance opens in New York—a scene from Sam Wanamaker's production of Clifford Odets' *Winter Journey* at the St. James's Theatre. The play deals with the old story of the famous actor, ruined by drink, who makes a come-back. It is, however, lifted above its theme by the tense writing of Clifford Odets and by the powerful characterisations of Michael Redgrave, as the actor, and Sam Wanamaker, the young American producer of both the play and the play within the play. Michael Redgrave transforms himself into an actor as great, perhaps, as himself, but a man who has been ruined by drink and who is commonplace and boastful when off the stage. Although of low intelligence and weak character, he is a "natural" actor. He has become completely dependent on his wife, whom he blames for his own faults. The play develops into a battle between the wife and the young producer, who at first believes the story of the actor that he has been brought low by the dipsomaniac and suicidal tendencies of his wife. His dissimulations are eventually revealed and the producer, who has fallen in love with the wife, tries to persuade her to leave him. But the life she has been leading for so long and her sense of responsibility are too great, and she remains with her husband. In spite of his success, one is left with the feeling that he may at any time return to his old habits.

BISHOP GARDINER PLEADS WITH PRINCESS ELIZABETH TO TRY TO CONVERT HER TO ROMAN CATHOLICISM: Mary Morris and Eric Dodson in a scene from *The Young Elizabeth*, at the New Theatre. The play deals with the formative years of Elizabeth Tudor from the death of Henry VIII to the time of her accession to the Throne. It has been skilfully written by Francis Letton and Jennette Dowling, two Americans, who are husband and wife. *The Young Elizabeth* was first produced on a Sunday night in December of last year by the Repertory Players, when it was enthusiastically received and was immediately sought after by West End managements. The story is told episodically, but the disadvantages of such a treatment are outweighed by the vivid acting of Mary Morris as the young Elizabeth and by the dramatic skill of the authors. Two other actresses who were in the original production—Margaretta Scott as Katherine Parr and Peggy Thorpe-Bates as Mary Tudor—give outstanding performances.

THE OFFER OF A LEADING PART: Bernie Dodd (Sam Wanamaker) calls on Frank Elgin (Michael Redgrave) and his wife (Googie Withers) in their mean apartment in New York to offer him the lead. The drink-sodden actor, who has been playing a minor role in the play, is afraid to take on the responsibility until his wife persuades and cajoles him.

THOMAS SEYMOUR, KATHERINE PARR AND PRINCESS ELIZABETH IN "THE YOUNG ELIZABETH" AT THE NEW THEATRE: Joseph O'Conor, Margaretta Scott and Mary Morris in the scene where Katherine Parr tells Elizabeth that she is to have a child by her husband, Lord Thomas Seymour. The Princess has been staying at Queen Katherine's house at Chelsea.

THE OLD COURT OF CORPUS CHRISTI, PART OF THE ORIGINAL BUILDING OF WHAT IS THE SIXTH OLDEST CAMBRIDGE COLLEGE: Corpus Christi was founded 600 years ago by the Guilds of Corpus Christi and St. Mary, and is thus unique in the democratic manner of its foundation. The low-pitched chambers of the Old Court are typical of the time of King Edward III. Three sides were given to rooms for scholars, and on the south side ran the kitchen, the Buttery and Hall, and the Combination Room, with over it the Master's Lodge and the Library. The sundial has been adapted to tell both winter and summer time.

THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE OLD COURT OF CORPUS CHRISTI: The old Hall, now the Kitchen, is on the left, adjoining the present Hall, built by William Wilkins in 1827. The new Hall is of spacious proportions, and Corpus is now one of the only two colleges at Cambridge in which it is possible for all undergraduates to dine together at a single sitting.

THE SEXCENTENARY OF CORPUS CHRISTI

A Cambridge College Unique in the Manner of its Foundation

By PATRICK BURY

(*Fellow and Librarian of Corpus Christi College*)

THE College of Corpus Christi and of the Blessed Virgin Mary in the University of Cambridge, which celebrates its sexcentenary this year, is the sixth oldest Cambridge College. It is junior to Peterhouse (1284), Clare (1326), Pembroke (1347), Gonville and Caius (1348), and Trinity Hall (1350), and the last of a notable series of foundations in the fourteenth century. Thereafter it was to be nearly 100 years before another college (King's, 1440) was established. But, though officially the youngest of the first group of Cambridge colleges, Corpus is unique in the manner of its foundation, and because of its peculiar origins might claim still greater antiquity. Whereas all the other ancient foundations in Oxford or Cambridge were due to the initiative of some individual sovereign or person of consequence, Corpus came into being through the enterprise of two Cambridge Guilds which united some time in the 1340's, largely for the purpose of establishing a college. It was these two Guilds, the Guild of St. Mary, which dates from about 1280, and the Guild of Corpus Christi, first heard of in the 1340's, that gave it its name. They also gave it a peculiarly close association with the town of Cambridge, an association which has recently been emphasised anew by the late Lord Queenborough's endowment of a feast at which leading citizens are the principal guests. And although the official existence of the College dates only from 1352, the year in which a Royal licence was obtained for the new foundation, it seems probable that the building of it was begun and that a Master and Fellows were appointed some time earlier. Moreover, since the united Guilds may well eventually have merged their identity wholly in the College of their creation, it has been urged that the College could claim a continuous history as an institution stretching well back into the thirteenth century.

However this may be, it is clear that it was at first essentially a religious foundation, set up by bodies whose own main aims seem to have been religious and charitable, and each of which was closely associated with a church, the Guild of St. Mary with the University Church of Great St. Mary's, and the Guild of Corpus Christi with the oldest Cambridge Church, St. Bene't's. They sought to encourage sound learning, but also to ensure that the scholars of the new foundation, all of whom were to be in priests' orders, should pray for the souls of the

(*Continued on following pages*)

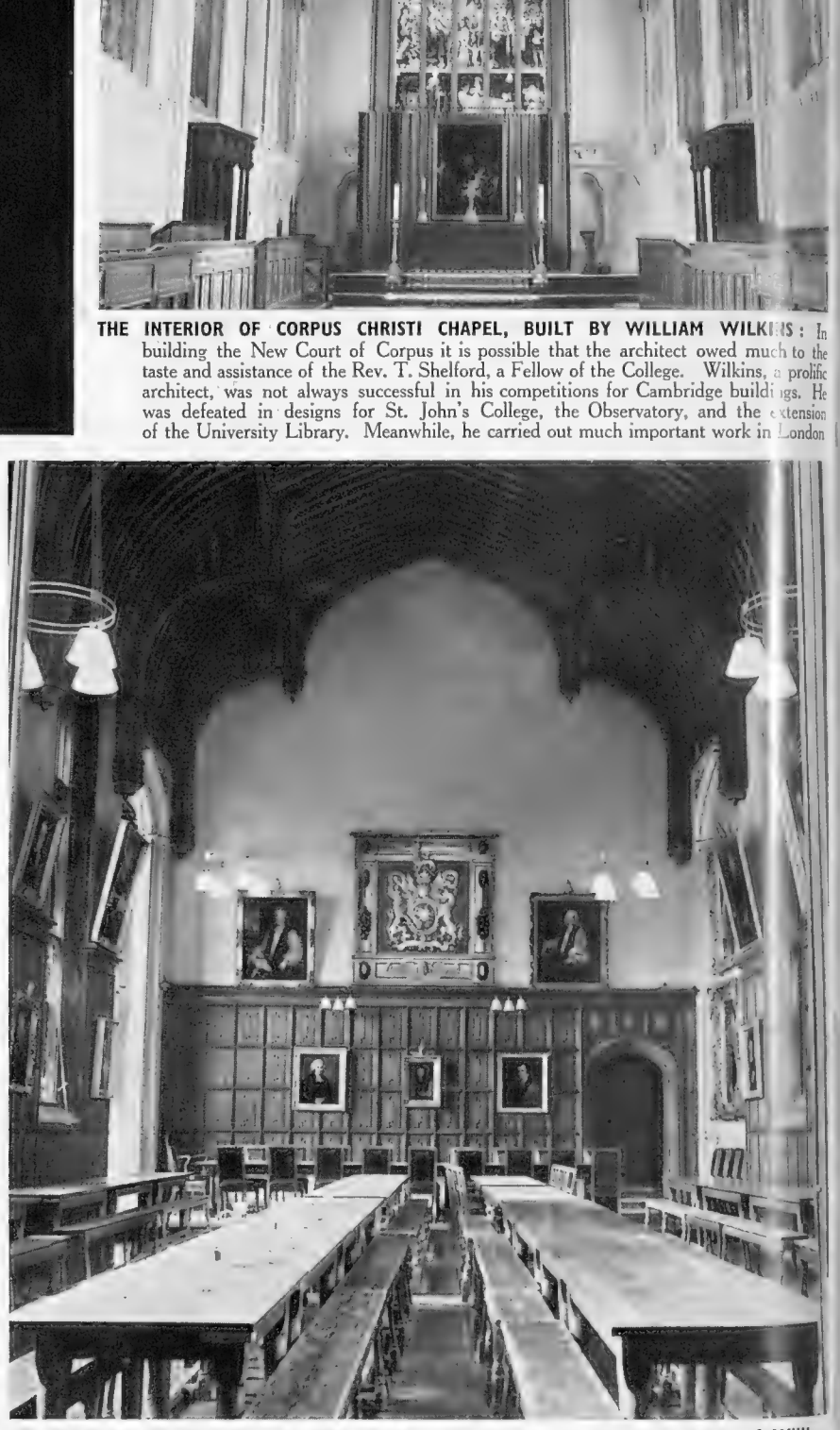
SEXCENTENARY OF CORPUS CHRISTI

(*Continued from page 153*)

THE PRESENT CHAPEL AND PART OF THE EAST SIDE OF THE NEW COURT OF CORPUS CHRISTI : The New Court was built by William Wilkins between 1823 and 1827, and was one of his first neo-Gothic buildings. Wilkins is also remembered as the designer of the National Gallery. He was buried under the sacrarium of the Chapel of Corpus Christi, which he had erected. Numerous other Cambridge buildings owe much to his influence.

THE INTERIOR OF CORPUS CHRISTI CHAPEL, BUILT BY WILLIAM WILKINS : In building the New Court of Corpus it is possible that the architect owed much to the taste and assistance of the Rev. T. Shelford, a Fellow of the College. Wilkins, a prolific architect, was not always successful in his competitions for Cambridge buildings. He was defeated in designs for St. John's College, the Observatory, and the extension of the University Library. Meanwhile, he carried out much important work in London

THE HOSTLE YARD OF CORPUS CHRISTI : On the right is part of the original building dating from the time of Edward III. It is heavily sustained with buttresses. The creamwashed walls give an air of lightness to the picturesque court.



THE INTERIOR OF THE HALL IN NEW COURT : It was due to the good sense of William Wilkins, the architect, who designed the New Court, that Corpus Christi still provides sufficient room for all the undergraduates to dine together at the same time.

brethren of the Guild. To accomplish this end they induced Henry Duke of Lancaster to become their Alderman in 1352, and it was through his good offices that in the same year a Royal licence for the new College was secured. It is fitting, then, that in this sexcentenary year the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster should be the principal guest of the College at its Name Day Feast.

For approximately 470 years the new College consisted only of a single court, together with a few adjacent buildings which were added or taken in as the years went by. This court, which was probably not completed until the 1370's, was situated on ground adjoining St. Bene't's churchyard ; and so close was the connection with the church, in which members mostly worshipped until they built their own chapel, that the College soon became known as Benet (or, in some spellings, Bennet) College, a name which clung to it until a second court was built in the nineteenth century. The Old Court, as it is now called, is one of the most charmingly intimate and informal courts in Cambridge. It is also noteworthy as Cambridge's "first originally planned close quadrangle," and as a good example of the way in which the ordinary courtyard house of the period could be adapted to institutional purposes. But it was long before it assumed anything like its present appearance, for the attics and buttresses, now such a characteristic feature, were not added until the sixteenth century, and it was not until then that most of the windows were glazed. Indeed, in its earlier years the College must have been a very small, primitive and comfortless place, judged by modern standards, with only a handful of Fellows and scholars, ground floors of earth, bare walls, and the upper rooms open to the roof.

Nevertheless, despite its modest appearance, it soon became a considerable landowner in and around Cambridge, owing largely to the benefactions of Guildsmen. But this unfortunately did not help its relations with Cambridge townsfolk, many of whom objected to the rigorous way in which it exacted "candle rents," or rent charges assessed upon houses in its ownership "for the finding of wax tapers, in return for the celebration by the Master and Fellows of the obits of deceased brethren and sisters of the Guilds of Corpus Christi and St. Mary." The climax came in 1381, the year of Wat Tyler's rebellion, when a mob broke into the College and plundered its muniments and other belongings and did considerable damage. "If restitution be not made," said a plaintive petition to the King, "the said college is wholly undone." Happily, the townsmen did not destroy the drinking horn, older than the

SCHOLAR, STATESMAN AND BENEFACTOR: On the west end of the Chapel of Corpus Christi is this statue of Sir Nicholas Bacon, a scholar of the College, who contributed largely towards the building of the first chapel, an Elizabethan building which was pulled down in 1824 to make room for the existing chapel. The statue was presented by Mr. J. H. Nelson in 1913. Sir Nicholas was one of the great ministers of the Elizabethan age. As Lord Keeper, it fell to his lot to read to Elizabeth an address framed by a Parliamentary committee and entreating the Queen either to marry or to make arrangements for the succession.

College, which is still used at College feasts. Happily, too, the Society were granted the £80 damages for which they asked, and relations with the town never again deteriorated to such a point, although in 1688 a Protestant crowd broke in in search of a bursar who had turned Roman Catholic, and consoled itself for not finding him by destroying many of his books and papers.

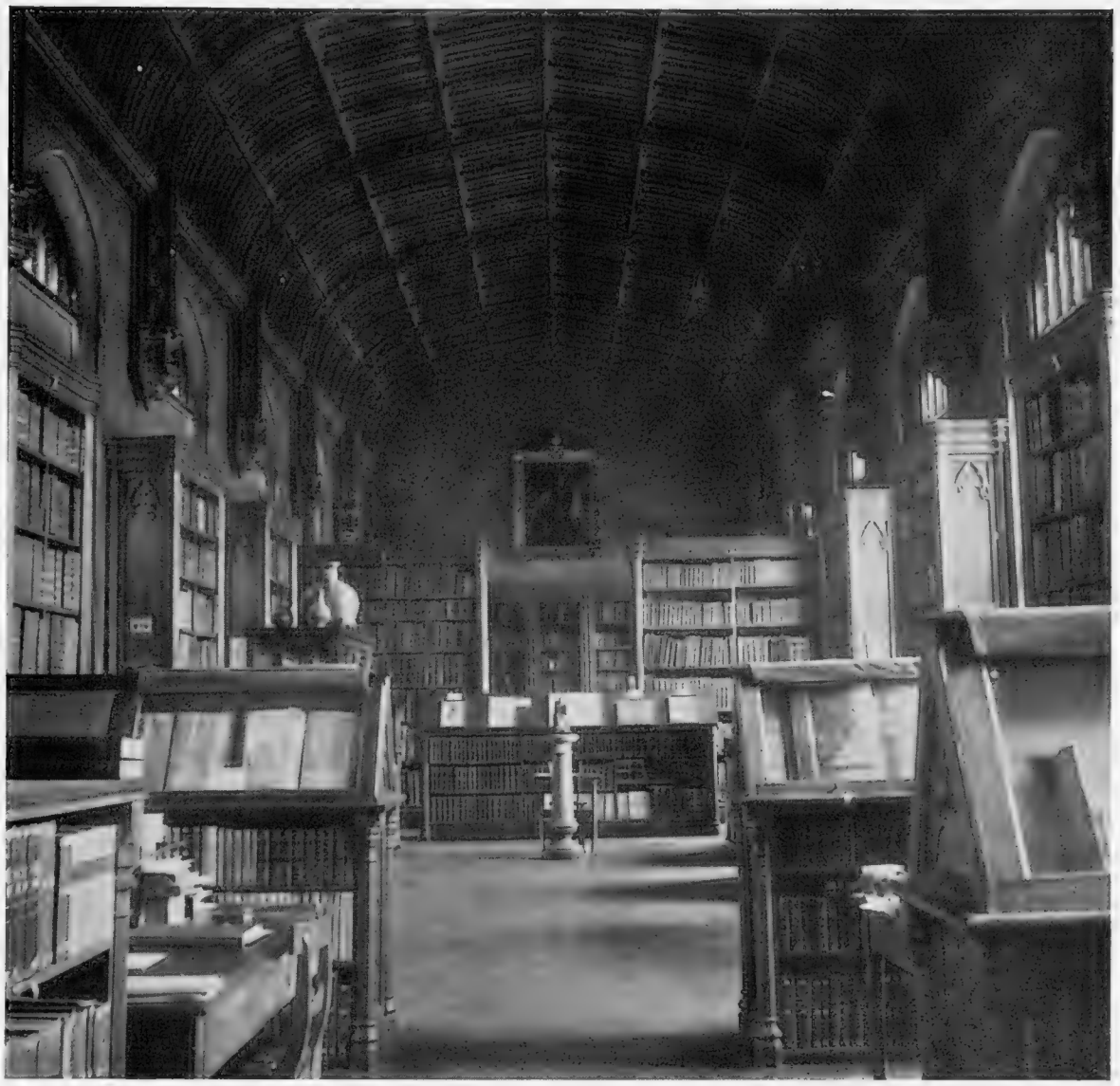
The history of the College in the fifteenth century seems to have been comparatively uneventful and undistinguished; but in the sixteenth century it was profoundly influenced by the Reformation. The effect of the new ideas was both secular and stimulating. The statutes were revised, the College received a new coat-of-arms, and, as some of its most distinguished members identified themselves closely with the new dispensation, its prosperity notably increased. Among the old customs which now disappeared was the annual Corpus Christi Day procession through the town, originally conducted with great pomp jointly by the Alderman of the Guild and the Master of the College. This procession, which was followed by a big dinner in which many of the town folk partook, was no doubt the great event of the College's year in pre-Reformation days, and its passing was regretted by the townspeople, who had come to regard the dinner as their right.

In the meantime the College could boast of having produced men such as Edward Fowke, a keen "Gospeller," Richard Taverner, a translator of the Bible, and the martyrs Thomas Dusgate and George Wishart. But more important than any of these was Matthew Parker, Queen Elizabeth's first Archbishop of Canterbury, who entered the College as an undergraduate in 1521 and later became the most eminent of all its masters and the most munificent of all its benefactors. He was a principal author of the new statutes, which with but little revision remained in force until the 1860's. He it was who procured for the College its present coat-of-arms of pelicans and lilies, commemorating the two Guilds. It was he who endowed or procured the endowment of several additional scholarships and exhibitions which went far to strengthen a close connection with East Anglia, and especially with Norfolk and Norwich, that endures to this day. It was he who gave to the College many of its finest pieces of plate, and who bequeathed to it the bulk of his magnificent collection of MSS. and printed books. These include the sixth-century Canterbury Gospels, believed to have been given by Pope Gregory the Great to St. Augustine, the most important MS. of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, and nearly forty more Anglo-Saxon books, the Winchester Troper, the splendid twelfth-century Bury Bible, the lovely fourteenth-century Peterborough Psalter, and many other volumes of exceptional interest or beauty. The Archbishop, incidentally, made most careful provision for the safekeeping of his library. It was to be kept under triple lock and there was to be an annual inspection. If more than a certain number of books of each size were found missing, then the whole collection was to pass first to Caius and then to Trinity Hall. Fortunately, Corpus has duly valued his bequest, which has now been one of the chief glories of the College for more than 375 years.

The rising fortunes of the College in the second half of the century were reflected in a considerable increase in numbers. The result was the building of a pensionary to provide additional accommodation and the construction of the first chapel. In this a Corpus contemporary and friend of Parker, Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, was the prime mover, and among those who contributed at his instance to the chapel building were Queen Elizabeth, who gave thirty loads of timber, and Sir Francis Drake, who subscribed £30. Fifty years later we first hear of the Society's hope that a benefactor would come forward to build a second court. But a long time passed before sufficient money accrued for such a purpose, and it was not until the 1820's that the present New Court was built, the architect being William Wilkins, who also was responsible for Downing College and the National Gallery. The delay perhaps saved the Old Court (though not the Elizabethan Chapel) from destruction, for its modest medieval architecture accorded little with eighteenth-century taste; but it also meant that the new building was erected in a rather gloomy neo-Gothic instead of a Classical style. Yet, although few are now likely to wax enthusiastic, as did contemporaries, over what was one of the earliest neo-Gothic buildings in Cambridge, the College has every reason to be grateful to Wilkins for providing it with a new hall and library, both of which are spacious, well-proportioned and dignified.

Over the more recent history, for lack of space, we must pass very rapidly. In the troubles of the seventeenth century Corpus came off better than most colleges, for it had a Master who ruled from 1632 to 1661 and trimmed his sails to the prevailing wind with masterly skill. Moreover, instead of sacrificing their plate to one or other side, the Society prudently distributed it among the Fellows, who were thereupon given leave of absence and dispersed. In consequence, it is one of the few colleges in either University to have conserved a considerable collection of plate dating from the sixteenth century and earlier. In the eighteenth century the College became strongly Whig in complexion and enjoyed many of the ecclesiastical fruits of Whig patronage. This Whig connection continued until about 1850, when there was a swing over. During the last 100 years it has been almost as strongly Tory: in recent years two of its members have been Senior Burgesses for the University and the present Chancellor of the Exchequer was at one time a Fellow. At the same time, it has never been unmindful of its ancient connection with the Church. During much of the nineteenth century it was strongly Evangelical; more recently its sympathies have veered towards Anglo-Catholicism, and it has made a notable contribution to twentieth-century English theology.

Lastly, it is to be remembered that Corpus has produced antiquaries and dramatists as well as a series of notable churchmen. The antiquaries include men such as William Stukeley and Richard Gough. The dramatists are Marlowe and Fletcher, who are together commemorated upon a plaque in the Old Court. It is appropriate that this year the College Dramatic Society's choice of a play to be performed in the Old Court is Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*.



THE LIBRARY OF CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE: The College began forming its library very early and a list made in 1376 mentions fifty-five books. Most of the magnificent MSS. collection now in the College's possession came to it after the Reformation through the generosity of Matthew Parker, Scholar, Fellow and Master of the College, who subsequently became Archbishop of Canterbury and was one of the greatest of sixteenth-century book collectors.

A MEETING PLACE OF THE FELLOWS, FOR BOTH FORMAL AND INFORMAL PURPOSES: *Left*—The new Combination Room, which was designed in 1930. The walls are panelled and adorned with portraits of distinguished members of the College. Near the doorway is a television set. *Right*—The old Combination Room, showing the elaborate marble mantelpiece.

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The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

THREE IN A BOAT

Tolerance and a Well-developed Sense of Humour Go Hand-in-Hand With a Spirit of Adventure in a Family Trip to the Caribbean

SAILING and living in a 5-ton ocean racer takes a stout heart as well as a steady stomach, but there are two other vital necessities, and these are tolerance and a well-developed sense of humour. Miss Anita Leslie gives evidence of all these qualities in her amusing new book, LOVE IN A NUTSHELL (Hutchinson. 15s.), which describes the result of her decision, and her husband's, to leave their castle keep on the wet west coast of Ireland and to live for a while with their very new baby in a small ship in a warmer, drier climate. The place chosen is the Caribbean, and the sailor husband sails over there, leaving her to follow with the tiny boy by air. There follows an account of a trip as idyllic—with the baby as bare as any other cherub on deck, in the shallows for his first swim, in his "nursery" (a small section of a bunk), taking his first sailing lesson perched on the boom, and otherwise disporting himself—as idyllic, in fact, as any of which I have read. And I say this with a precise image of the serious physical drawbacks of rough seas, the boat reeling through a complete circle even at anchorage, broken or at least crashing milk bottles and make-up jars, and the constant pre-occupation of seeing to the safety of a baby who grows steadily heavier to carry about, though not necessarily more buoyant. Nevertheless, it is all wonderful fun, as Miss Leslie would have us believe, and even to a landlubber the beauty and the excitement are clear. One may not want to emulate these feats, but, heavens, one may have a wistful, envious feeling about them.

THE GOLDEN AGE OF ENGLISH DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE: *Left*—York, the Judge's Lodging, and (*right*) Shelley's House at Great Marlow, Buckinghamshire. Both illustrations come from *Looking for Georgian England* (Macdonald. 15s.), a new volume by Raymond Francis. This admirable book, commending itself especially to the visitor to these shores, is written in an easy and companionable style, and is illustrated with over 100 photographs.

Mr. Mark Tellar, with all his unusual candour, will no doubt forgive me if I say that in spite of the sustained interest with which I read his autobiography, A YOUNG MAN'S PASSAGE (Home and van Thal. 18s.), I formed what my children call a dim view of its author. Much must be counted to Mr. Tellar for frankness; his accounts of his *amours*, no less detailed than his petty cash list which usually follows, are marvels of exactitude, and nearly all readers will appreciate the misery and coldness of his unhappy marriage, and its sad though temporary effect on him. Short of the superhuman and as yet unborn writer, no autobiography can be completely honest, the most they can generally be is revealing, and by that standard Mr. Tellar has written an exceptional book. The life of a middle-class or upper middle-class young man in London in the '90's or the 1900's is described with admirable precision, and will make some feel nostalgic and others rejoice fiercely in our present social state. This, really, is the memoir of *un homme moyen sensuel*, told without obvious exaggeration, and as such it will take its chance with the readers.

Oh, what a man of art is Low! His cartoons and his near-caricatures have never been bettered in my time, and his newly-published collection of Low's COMPANY (Methuen. 42s.) will be not just a transient, but a permanent bookshelved delight. Here you will see the great and the near-great as Mr. David Low sees them, and rejoice particularly in the drawing of the actor, Sir Ralph Richardson: "He looks like a chap in the City, He looks like an amiable squire, He looks like a sporting headmaster, Dispensing cream buns round the fire. . . ." Other drawings are nearly as good, among them Sir Laurence Olivier's, Julian Huxley's, David Eccles's, Peter Ustinov's—"to startle and to stimulate our stage"—and Sir John Rothenstein's. The verses from which I have quoted are by Helen Spalding and L. A. G. Strong. Altogether a book for your collection, with its fifty portraits of contemporaries.

Ampleforth, which is both an English Benedictine Abbey and a public school, this year celebrates the 150th anniversary of its return to England after an exile in France dating from the beginning of the seventeenth century. Members of its community have written a series of essays to mark this date, and these have been collected and edited by Abbot Justin McCann and Dom Columba Cary-Elwes, in AMPLEFORTH AND ITS ORIGINS (Burns Oates. 22s. 6d.). The essays have all been reverently planned and executed, but still have considerable liveliness and a great deal of the fire that has stimulated and preserved the Order through the centuries.

From time to time an excursion into the realms of pure fantasy does the reader as much good as a doctor-ordered week by the sea would do a patient. Whimsy, in my view, does not come into the same category, any more than slack river water compares with brine, but a strongly fanciful story told with as much force as if it were a saga of life in the coal-mines has a real appeal and freshness, and is a transport from reality. ADAM (Museum Press. 10s. 6d.) is such a novel, and its story is well told by N. J. Marr, with all its incredible happenings and fantastic adventures. It opens with an aircraft bound for Miami from Nassau and delayed for a few minutes in its run because it has been hit by a flying body, or at least two of the passengers have so described the incident. From the moment of the strange mishap a series of practical and metaphysical inquiries are set in train till the solution is reached, satisfying or not, according to its interpreters. I enjoyed this odd book, and particularly the sympathetic rendering of its Jamaican setting.

DIANA WAKEFIELD (Macmillan. 12s. 6d.) is a first novel of some merit, a love-story told in muted terms and set partly in a West Country manor house with almost feudal traditions, and partly in a small suburban house near London. In neither place is life lived fully or happily: the colonel who thought that his beloved home would bring him true peace after war is still haunted by the memory of an order that meant the death of some of his men, and in the smaller home petty jealousy and envy have almost as lethal an effect as illness. Mr. Michael Figgis writes soberly of sober matters and, except in the exposition of the love theme, with a sureness of conviction that carries its own effect.

To Ulster with Miss Anne Crone's new novel, and the peat bogs and heather-covered hills that surround a lough there. THIS PLEASANT LEA (Heinemann. 13s. 6d.) is only this writer's second book, but it has the same enchantment as *Bridie Steen*, the same quality of quiet radiance, and the same rather Hardyesque drama acted out by simple people. Miss Crone has, beside her literary style, which owes more to the nineteenth than to the twentieth century, two great assets for a novelist. These are the strength of her descriptive and evocative powers, which bring scenes, colours and scents before one with almost physical precision, and the deep, undeviating purpose of her story, which is primarily to expound a moral. There can be no doubt now of her importance as a novelist or of the originality of her talent.

PATRICE PERIOT (Dent. 11s. 6d.) can boast a distinguished author in M. Georges Duhamel of the Académie Française, but it is difficult to believe that it is in itself a distinguished piece of work. The theme of the book, of a man of science whose fame makes him a chosen mouthpiece of the Communists, and whose goodness of spirit prevents him from recognising the use they make of him, has a certain nobility, but in its details the story is disappointing. Not only is the scientist eventually harried by his own conscience, but he is surrounded by his four children, each of whose weaknesses or enthusiasms is intended to represent a universal trend, with the result that the story is confused rather than rich, and diffuse rather than balanced. It is impossible for M. Duhamel to write badly, but it could be said that in this novel he has a darned good try at it. The translation is by E. F. Bozman.

Another French novel, and one which was awarded the Prix Goncourt, is THE RISE OF SIMON LACHAUME (Staples. 10s. 6d.), which I found both fascinating and depressing, with a slight bias towards the latter. M. Maurice Druon writes of a section of French society which, through birth or great wealth, exerted a great influence, and, indeed, had real power in the Paris of a few decades ago. His view of these people, whom he has called the *grandes familles*, is analytical to a clinical degree, and should raise the hair on some of the politer heads, but it makes good reading.

LILY OF THE VALLEY (Hamish Hamilton. 10s. 6d.) is a novel by the ebullient Mr. Jack Jones, who writes of Wales and its sweet singers with a devotion that is practically pious. His Lily is herself a singer and an excellent one, though a wooden actress, and she leaves her valley of pits and slag-heaps for the chorus at Daly's, and in the end for fame and fortune, *via* the concert platform. Mr. Jones tells us that Ivor Novello had an idea of this kind for a musical play, and that he has tried to write the kind of story Novello had in mind as a tribute to his memory. One can imagine the charm of such a subject set to music, but even in silent prose the novel has its simple merits.

Miss Marguerite Steen has completed her trilogy of novels that began with *The Sun Is My Undoing*, and told of the fortunes of the Flood family. PHŒNIX RISING (Collins. 12s. 6d.) very properly begins with a family tree, necessary by now, and flourishing with the exotic names this writer prefers for her characters, names as improbable as Hercules, Orlando Sax and Aldebaran, but oddly suitable to Miss Steen's florid but vigorous writing.

COMMUNISM AND McCARTHYISM

Two Books Which Reflect Current American Thought

Ever since the early '20's, when the first of the big Communist scares swept across the United States from coast to coast, American citizens have been much preoccupied with the menace of Communism. On occasion dark plots have been revealed, but sometimes the attack against Communism has veered against liberal thinking. In more than one place a certain pale-pinkishness in political reasoning has been interpreted as un-American; for our transatlantic cousins have travelled far indeed since the days when Thomas Jefferson returned from his mission to Paris, bringing with him ideas that were coloured by the experiences of the seething years in France. The shadow of Senator McCarthy now broods upon the land, and men and women who would like to speak their thoughts on the great issues of the day have to be mindful at all times of the Senator who delivers his overpowering broadsides under Congressional immunity.

Two volumes which have just made their appearance both reveal aspects of current American thinking in relation to Communism and McCarthyism, and both deserve to be read. In ORDEAL BY SLANDER (Macgibbon and Kee. 13s. 6d.) Owen Lattimore, one of America's great authorities on the Far East, gives an account of his experiences after he was dragged into the McCarthy net and falsely accused of being a Soviet spy. The effects of the insubstantial charge upon the personal and professional life of the accused, upon his wife and son, upon his friends, were disastrous. They show just how alarming McCarthyism can be; the extent to which it can terrorise; how it can indeed kill all liberal thinking through the very tyranny it wields among a partially informed public. The questioning of Mr. Lattimore before a Committee of United States Senators in Washington was the climax of his ordeal. None of the accusations against the Professor were made to stick, but his questioners insisted, at any rate, that he was guilty by omission; in other words, that he had failed in his writings on Eastern questions to use the propaganda slogans and tag phrases which would reveal that he was a staunch anti-Communist. It was at this stage that a reporter handed up to Abe Fortas, Mr. Lattimore's legal adviser, a note asking: "Is Lattimore's dog a Russian wolf-hound?" If it had been it would have no doubt been included with glee in the dossier in which Mr. Hickenlooper sought to build up against Mr. Lattimore evidence of guilt by association, guilt by non-association, guilt by commission, guilt by omission, guilt by matrimony, and, finally, guilt by paternity. Mr. Lattimore survived his ordeal well, and he describes it without bitterness. He is deeply concerned, however, about the tide of fear which has swept Washington, and which, he declares, is undermining the freedom of the nation. "Fear and suspicion now run wild in our country," he concludes.

The second volume, which also reflects the American political outlook, is Elizabeth Bentley's OUT OF BONDAGE (Rupert Hart Davis. 12s. 6d.), the personal story of an American college girl who became involved with the Communist party, who accepted one position of responsibility after another until she was working as a trusted member of the N.K.V.D. in direct contact with Moscow, who finally, after ten years, exhausted and terrified, realised the true nature of her Russian masters, and told all she knew to the Federal Bureau of Investigation. The facts are well marshalled and the implications of Soviet infiltration in America are as alarming in their own way as are the tyrannies of McCarthyism, but one can only regret that the book bears the stamp of a mighty recantation. It is both naive and downright. The reader might indeed have the uncanny feeling that Senator McCarthy was standing over the author as she wrote, just to make sure there was no remaining trace of past heresy.

J. Wentworth Day, a countryman with a flair for good English, a highly developed political sense and the inquiring mind of a trained journalist, has in THE NEW YEOMEN OF ENGLAND (Harrop. 15s.) produced another of his highly readable books. His theme is the twentieth-century English farmer, the yeoman of tractor, crop drier and combine harvester, and the problems that confront him to-day. As ever he skilfully weaves into his narrative rich anecdotes and some fascinating local lore.

Two volumes of special interest to lovers of Scotland are Martin Thornhill's EXPLORER'S SCOTLAND (Skeffington. 15s.), who takes the reader far and wide, exploring and describing the less familiar parts of the northern realm, and Ursula Venables' TEMPESTUOUS EDEN (Museum Press. 18s.), the story of a naturalist's experiences in the Shetland islands. It was in 1945 that Ursula Venables left Scotland to settle in Shetland with her husband. They took a shore-side cottage in the midst of a typical crofting township, and used this as a base from which to explore the islands. This book is the story of their first year in their new home.

A book for the specialist in the theatre is Richard Southern's CHANGEABLE SCENERY (Faber and Faber. 63s.). This is the first detailed review of the use and tradition of stage scenery in Britain, from the Restoration to the New Art Movement of the early twentieth century. Mr. Southern's book is the product of twenty years' research.

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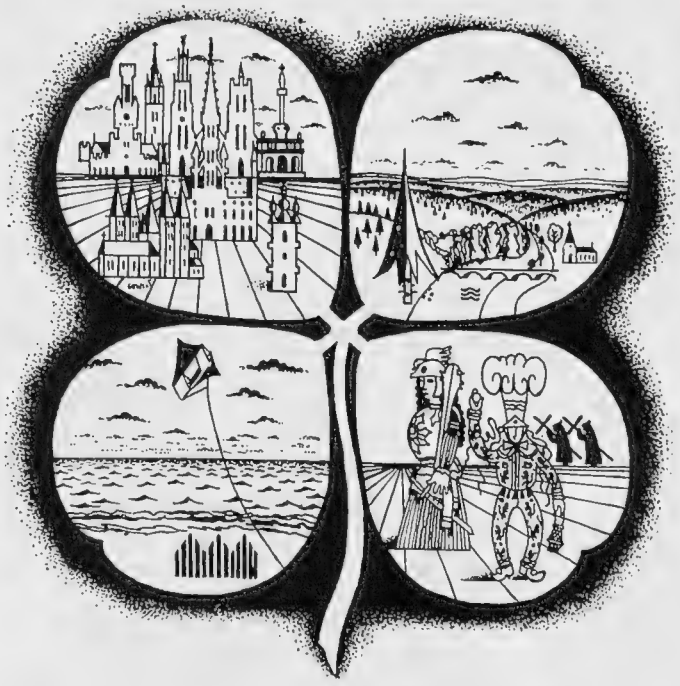

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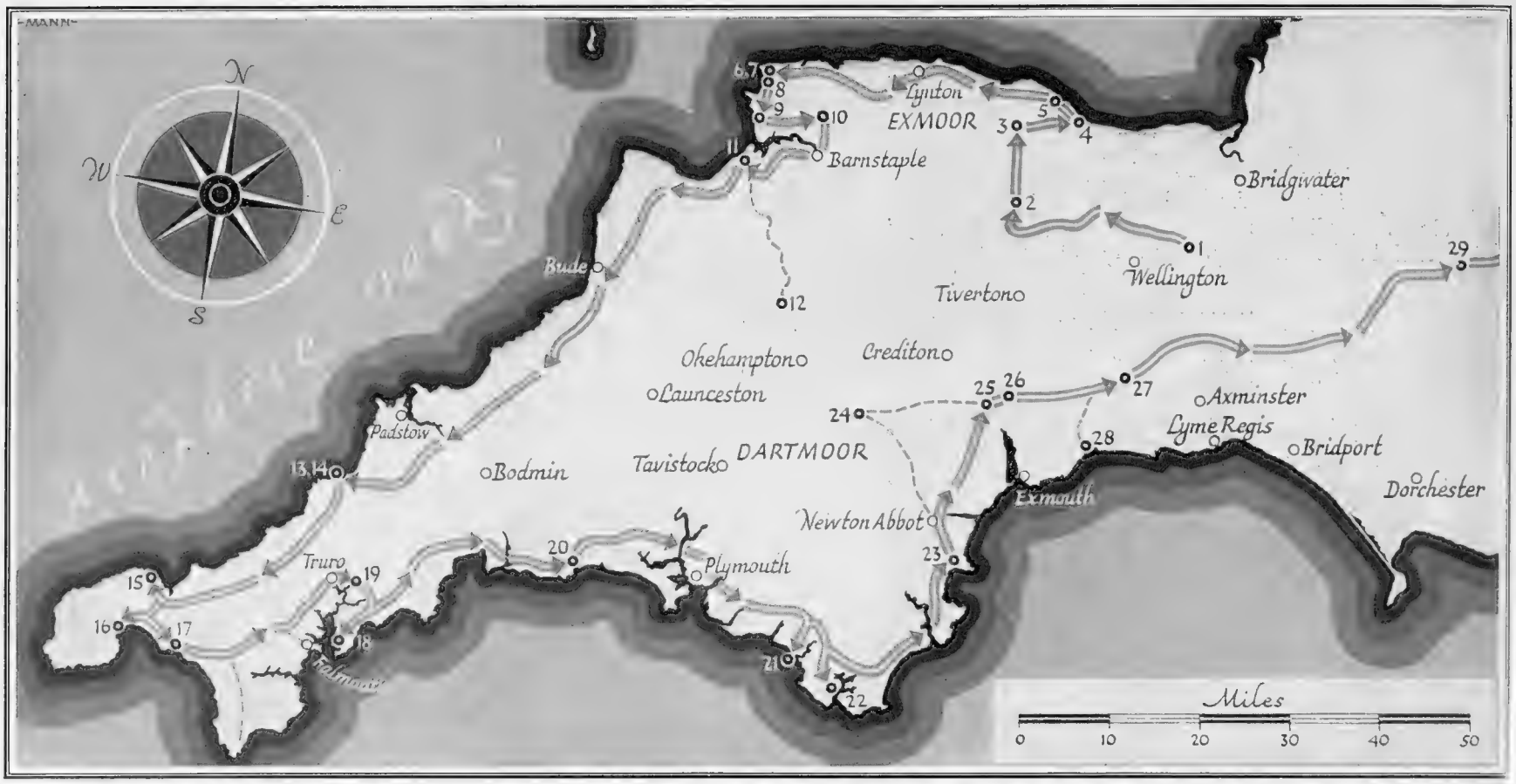
ASHLEY COURTENAY TOURS THE SOUTH-WEST OF ENGLAND

Some Personal Recommendations Regarding Where to Go and Where to Stay When Travelling Through the West Country



A SUGGESTED ROUTE FOR A MOTORING TOUR OF THE SOUTH-WEST : The route starts at Taunton (No. 1 on the map), and after a few halts follows the coastline from Minehead down through North Cornwall to St. Ives. Then comes the journey across to Penzance and up through South Cornwall and South Devon to Torquay and then inland to Newton Abbot and Exeter and eventually up to Wincanton in Somerset. Each number on the map corresponds with one of the halting-places in Ashley Courtenay's article

The tour outlined embraces a selection of hotels visited by me during 1951. It does not claim to give a complete picture of the touristic possibilities of the West Country.

SO you are contemplating a motoring tour of the West Country? It would be bold of me to say that I know every nook and cranny, but I can guide you as to where to stay. But first a word of warning—and this applies to every district in Britain—do steer clear of the school summer holiday period; avoid week-end travelling, when outgoing and incoming traffic is at its peak, and do not attempt to draw up a rigid programme by trying to book accommodation weeks ahead. Decide your next night's destination by telephoning twenty-four hours ahead; hoteliers prefer it that way.

Your first night's halting-place in the West Country will depend on your starting-point, but from the north or east, consider (1) THE CASTLE HOTEL, TAUNTON (*Tel.* 2671) where, as the primary trade of this hotel is touristic, the staff are on their toes day and night. Two days should be allotted to motoring over Exmoor and the Bristol Channel coastline. Here is a quartet of hotels you can choose from, for a night or more. (2) THE WOODCOTE HOTEL, DULVERTON (*Tel.* 129) on Exmoor's threshold; as cosy and comfortable as you could wish to find. (3) DUNKERY BEACON HOTEL, Wootton Courtenay, near MINEHEAD (*Tel.* Timberscombe 241); the sea four miles away, lovely scenery all around and riding stables adjoining. (4) THE LANGBURY HOTEL, BLUE ANCHOR BAY (*Tel. Dunster* 375), where sunny impressions are formed even on an overcast day. (5) NORTHFIELD HOTEL, MINEHEAD (*Tel.* 864), a country-house hotel by the sea, where you can enjoy a good night's sleep in an atmosphere of peace and gracefulness.

Now over Porlock and Countisbury Hills you will come to Lynmouth, Lynton, and on to my next suggested halting area, the area overlooking Bideford Bay. Away from the main trunk road can be experienced, in the out-of-season months, a wonderful feeling of relaxation. I have a choice of five hotels for you, taken in touristic order: (6) HILLSIDE COTTAGE, MORTEHOE (*Tel. Woolacombe* 47). "Petite, particularly personal, and pleasurable cooking," will be your verdict; (7) WATERSMEET HOTEL, MORTEHOE (*Tel. Woolacombe* 3). "What a lovely position!" you will exclaim. A popular family holiday hotel where motorists are well cared for when accommodation is available; (8) BEACH HOTEL, WOOLACOMBE (*Tel.* 49). Three miles of clean, firm sands indicates a children's paradise, but when the children are back at school you and your car will be more than welcome; (9) SAUNTON SANDS HOTEL (*Tel. Croyde* 212), adjoining Saunton Golf Club. With its 100 bedrooms and its large garage facilities, this famous West Country hotel is well equipped for motorists; (10) BROOMHILL, at MUDDIFORD (*Tel. Shirwell* 262), a very pleasant country-house hotel perched above the old Barnstaple-Ilfracombe road, which appeals to tourists looking for a headquarters with the comforts of a home. South of Bideford note (11) THE DORMY HOUSE, WESTWARD HO! (*Tel. Northam* 288), makes a good headquarters for golfers and for motorists alike.

If time presses and Cornwall must be left to another trip, or alternatively, if Cornwall is your main objective, make special note of (12) THE GEORGE HOTEL, HATHERLEIGH (*Tel.* 223), a famous old thatched inn, which from the fifteenth century has been dispensing hospitality for locals and travellers. It lies on the Barnstaple-Plymouth road, 7 miles from Okehampton.

The ins and outs and ups and downs of the West Cornish coastline can be well covered with (13) NEWQUAY as one's base. THE HOTEL BRISTOL (*Tel.* 2857) on the seafront and open all the year, is one of the best and their standards never flag. But for a country-house type of hotel by the water's edge, note (14) GLENDORGAL (*Tel.* 2949). For the toe and heel of Cornwall—Land's End-Penzance, I recommend (15) THE GARRACK HOTEL, ST. IVES (*Tel.* 199), a small, friendly house, well tucked away, and well worth discovering. At (16) PENZANCE you will not go wrong if you choose the 55-bedroomed QUEENS HOTEL (*Tel.* 2371); in a picked position facing the southern seas, it provides all-year-round comfort for residents and visitors alike. An alternative suggestion, strategically situated between Land's End and the Lizard, is (17) SEA CROFT HOTEL, PRAA SANDS (*Tel. Germoe* 215811), a modern hotel of some 24 bedrooms dominating the whole sweep of Mounts Bay.

From Falmouth the main road leads to Truro. Do not, as some motorists do, fail to explore the Roseland Peninsula. Stop at (18) HOTEL TRESANTON, ST. MAWES (*Tel.* 322), where, through sub-tropical foliage, one looks out on to a colourful Cornish sea. Alternatively there is (19) POLSUE MANOR, Ruan High Lanes, near TRURO (*Tel. Veryan* 270), which, though in a country setting, is within 1½ miles of a dozen or so secluded sandy coves. Through Fowey, Polperro and on to (20) THE LOOE HOTEL, LOOE (*Tel.* 13) overlooking the river, and a most attractive headquarters for a night's stay or longer.

Reluctantly you will leave Cornwall behind you by crossing the ferry at Torpoint, on to the red soil of Devon. Beyond Plymouth, head coastwards for (21) BIGBURY BAY, and the most unusually-positioned hotel you will meet on your tour, THE BURGH ISLAND HOTEL (*Tel. Bigbury* 272). Garage your car on the mainland and an amphibious vehicle known as a Terrapin will carry you and your luggage across the 400 yards of sea-washed sand. An alternative anchorage in this section of Devon intersected by waterways, is (22) TIDES REACH HOTEL, SALCOMBE (*Tel.* 288), where only a stone wall divides the lapping waves from the driveway leading to this modern hotel.

It is now opportune that you tour Dartmoor and the Dart. This you can do, and still enjoy all the evening attractions of a resort, by staying at (23) TORQUAY, where there is a wide selection of good hotels. THE GRAND (*Tel.* 2234), one of the biggest and right on the line of route, with its own garage, has always catered specially for motorists. THE CARLTON (*Tel.* 7633), quietly situated on Daddy-hole Plain, also occupies a picked position overlooking Torbay and can be well recommended. Lower in the price scale, but higher up in position is VERNON COURT HOTEL (*Tel.* 2676), whose 50 bedrooms and sun lounge provide a grand-stand view of the whole sweep of Torbay. Perhaps, on the other hand, you would choose Dartmoor itself. Close to its edge lies (24) EASTON COURT HOTEL, CHAGFORD (*Tel* 3169), a small Tudor house with an international reputation; one-star in size and of the three-star category in comfort and equipment. (25) EXETER is a "must," either on the outward or homeward journey. For centuries THE ROYAL CLARENCE HOTEL (*Tel.* 4071), rich in history and in modern comfort, has catered for travellers, but as there are times when its accommodation is sorely tried, note also (26) GIPSY HILL COUNTRY HOTEL, PINHOE (*Tel. Exeter* 67693), to the east of the city. Though off the beaten track (it lies between main roads A-30 and A-38), motorists have been quick to discover it for a meal or a night.

A tour of Devon is not complete without visiting that section which lies between the Axe and the Exe. For a satisfying base in the loveliness of the Devon countryside, choose (27) DEER PARK HOTEL, HONITON (*Tel.* 64) (off the A-30 Honiton-Exeter road); a charming Georgian country house, happily set in its own park. Then for those who prefer the sea, on to (28) SIDMOUTH, and the VICTORIA HOTEL (*Tel.* 951), with its own "Come and be spoilt" environment, or to the equally first-class BELMONT HOTEL (*Tel.* 1261), which will appeal to those to whom music, a dance band and a cocktail bar is anathema.

Finally, or initially, depending upon whether you follow my route as plotted, or in reverse order, note (29) HOLBROOK HOUSE HOTEL, WINCANTON (*Tel.* 2377), a strategically situated country-house hotel on the Castle Cary-Wincanton road where, immune from traffic noises, you can sleep as only "Zummerzet" people can.

ASHLEY COURTENAY

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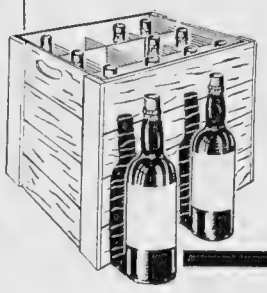

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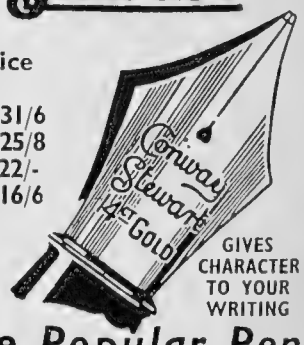

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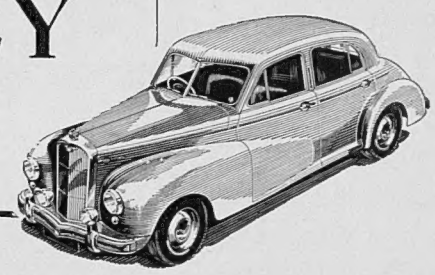

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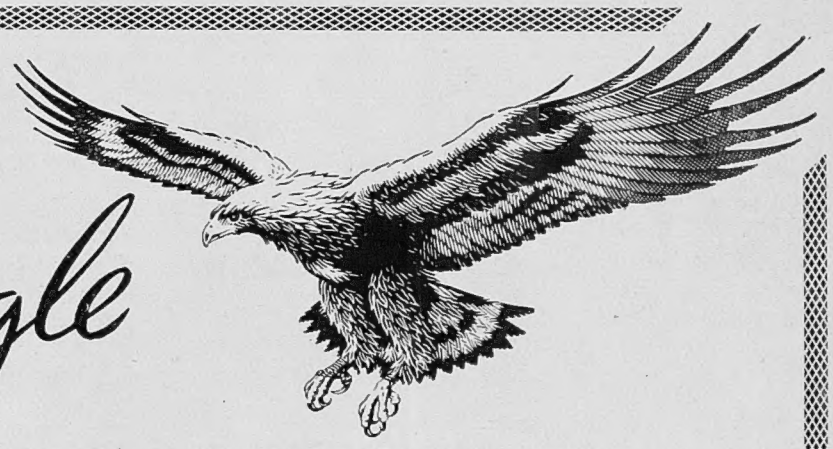

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

OXFORD *versus* Cambridge. The battle of the Blues is continuous, and though it is not an academic affair, I detect a certain note of rivalry between the two University cities in the matter of hotels. I venture to suggest—even as a Cantab.—that Oxford are in the lead at the moment. This has been brought about by the fine new wing which has recently been added to *The Randolph Hotel* at Oxford, thanks to the enterprise of Trust Houses, Ltd., its owners.

Although *The Randolph* is not Oxford's oldest hotel (I presume the historic *Mitre* can claim precedence in this respect), it has ever attracted a distinguished academic clientele, and it is most fitting in these days, when Oxford is constantly growing in importance as a tourist and commercial centre, that Trust Houses should have completed such an ambitious programme. I always felt it was a pity when the Automobile Association and the Royal Automobile Club (their hotel appointments are a joint affair these days) made four stars the maximum number for any hotel, because five was a measure denoting size as well as merit. In both respects the present-day *Randolph* will be recognised as one of Britain's first hotels, and in adding the new wing Trust Houses have wisely taken fully into account the greater demand which now exists for private bathrooms and single rooms. Staying at this hotel recently, I was struck by the detailed thought which had gone into furnishing and decorating the new bedrooms, the increased spaciousness and comfort of the public rooms, the quality and choice offered on the menus, and the pleasant efficiency of the staff with Major and Mrs. T. P. Stewart at the helm.

Indeed, habitues of Trust Houses may have already noticed that all their key hotels are captained by people of personality and experience.

Oxford has other good hotels nowadays, too, such as *The Mitre* in the "High," to which I have already referred; *The Eastgate*, a Simonds' hotel at the corner of Merton Street and the "High"; *The New Oxfordshire*, which is a model brewers' hotel, down near the station, and, in the class of smaller hotels with a residential background, I have received good reports of *Linton Lodge*, off the Banbury road.

In the near vicinity of Oxford, *The Bear Hotel* at Woodstock, and *The Crown and Thistle Hotel* at Abingdon, can be commended for their old-world characteristics and modern standards of catering; and for the tourist who wants to include Oxford as part of a day's itinerary, the following hotels, all within a three-quarters-of-an-hour's run, make admirable bases or objectives for the night: *The Bay Tree Hotel* or *The Lamb Hotel*, both at Burford; *The Bull's Head Hotel*, Aylesbury, Buckinghamshire; *The Black Horse Hotel*, Thame.

And what of Cambridge? A review of her hotel accommodation must be held over until some later date.

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to Mr. Ashley Courtenay, c/o The Editor, The Sphere, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2.

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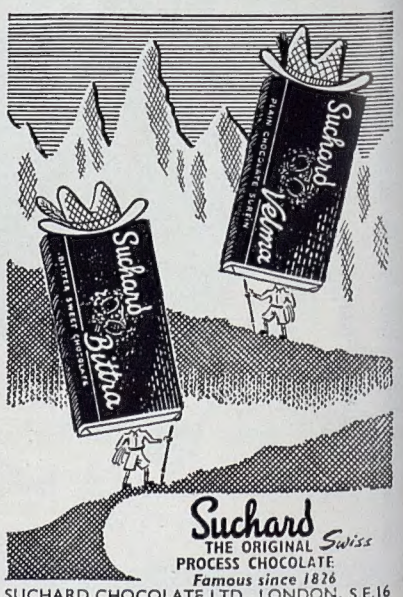

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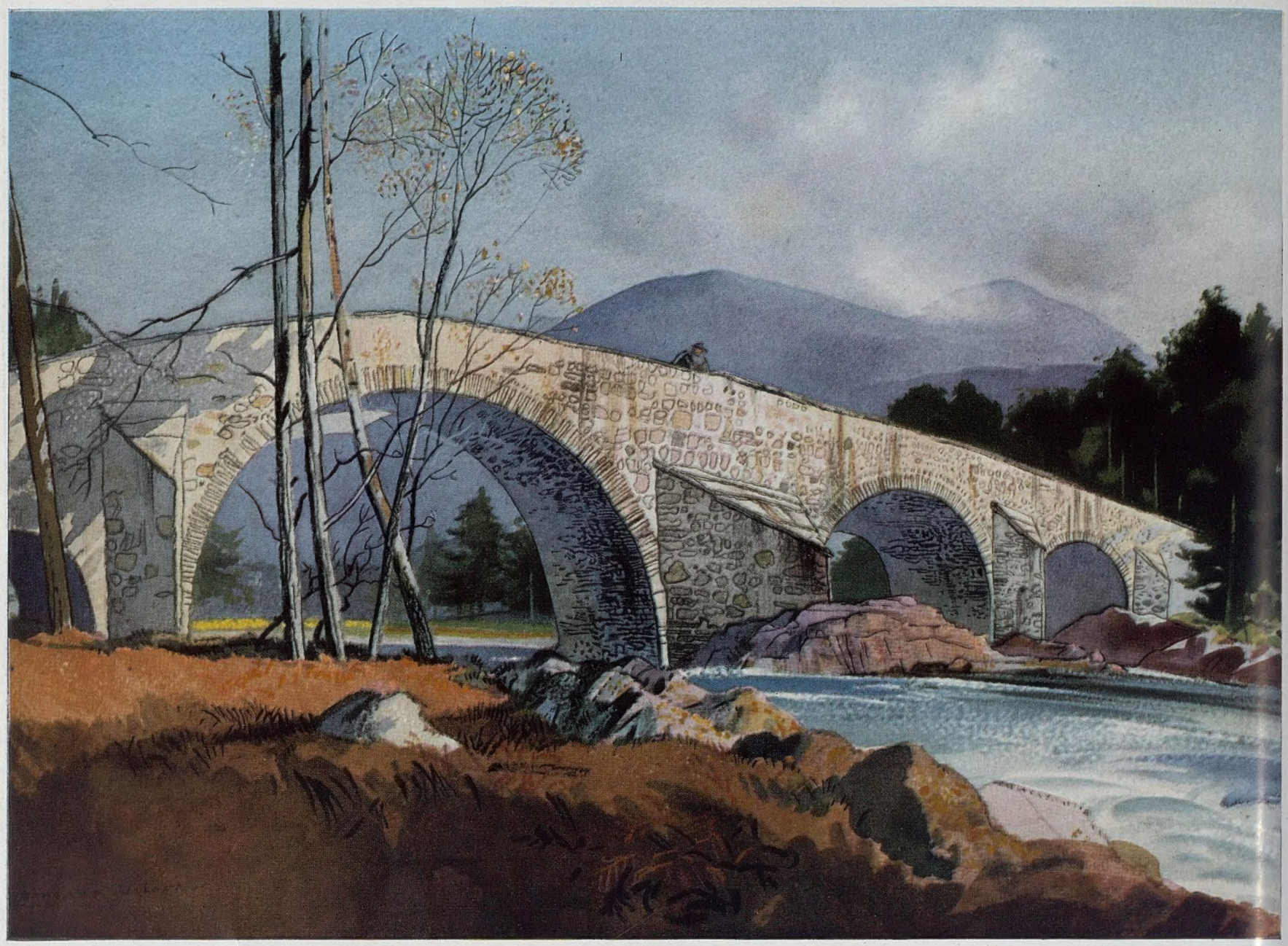

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